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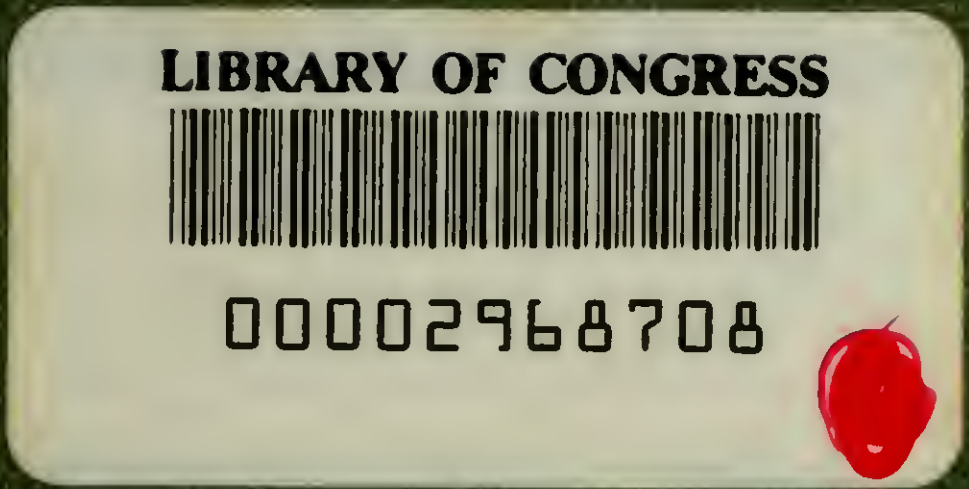

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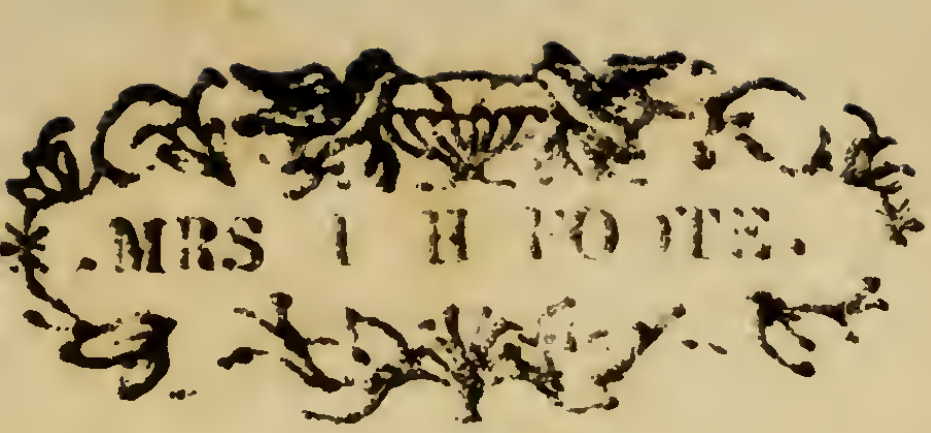
MRS I H FO TE.

THE

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6

MOSS-ROSE,

A PARTING TOKEN.

Edited by

C. W. EVEREST.

"What! not accept my foolish flower?
Well, then I am indeed unblest."

Hartford:

GURDON ROBINS, JR. 180 MAIN STREET.

1840.

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PEARL STREET

ADVERTISEMENT.

We were, some months since, requested by the Publisher of the present volume, to prepare for him a work which might serve as a suitable parting token. The result of our effort is now submitted to the public. The articles which compose it have all been furnished us by our native writers, and among them the reader will be pleased to recognize many an old acquaintance, not unknown to fame.

"What's in a name?" said he of Stratford-upon-Avon. Yet *we* found much difficulty in suiting ourself with one suitable for our little book. A friend suggested our present title. We like it: for we are a common-place lover of flowers in general, and of verses in particular. But this is all. We eschew all design at "blooming sentiment." We are no disciple of Flora, and plead ignorant even of the tender philosophy of her fair "Interpreter." For flowers, literal or metaphorical, we have not even a word. We left the entire subject to the pen of our friend who suggested our title, and whose

interesting article concludes our volume. The reader will linger with increased and saddened interest over it, when we say that its young and gifted author is, alas! no more! That unfolding flower of genius has been transplanted to the garden of God.

In conclusion, we have only to add, that we have tried to please. If we shall be found to have failed, the fault will prove to have arisen from our own error of judgment in the design, rather than from the merits of our worthy and obliging correspondents.

Truly the Public's obedient servant,

THE EDITOR.

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THE MOSS-ROSE.

THE MOSS-ROSE
MAKING HER NEW YEAR'S CALL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"I've a call to make," said the rich Moss-Rose,
"At the house of a lady fair,
Cousin China-Rose, if you'll go with me,
I'll introduce you there.

"'Tis New-Year's day, come do not stay,
But get on your cloak and hood;
You've mop'd so long by the green-house fire,
That a walk will do you good."

Then China's Yellow-Rose replied,
"You've a terrible climate, dear;
It has made me old, before my time,
And bilious too, I fear!

"But I'll put my muff and tippet on,
Since you needs must have me go,
And yet I'm sure I heard a blast,
And saw a flake of snow."

The Moss-Rose wrapp'd her damask robe
  Close round her queenly form,
And led her nervous friend along,
  Who trembled at the storm.

But the beautiful lady welcom'd them
  With such a radiant eye,
That they fancied Summer had come again,
  And Winter was quite gone by.

They took their India-rubbers off,
  And laid their hoods away,
And whisper'd in each other's ear,
  "We should like to spend the day."

She charm'd them with her tuneful voice,
  Till both were unable to stir;
So there they staid,—and the flowers of love
  Have found their home with her.

MUSINGS.....JOY.

BY H. GREELEY.

"Spirit of Joy! thy altar lies
In youthful hearts that hope, like mine."

Moore.

I.

They wrong thee, Thought! the vain, the gay,
Who deem thy spell with sorrow blent;
Who miss from out thy being's ray
The placid smile of blithe content—
Who mark thy shadow on the brow,
Thy sometime wildness in the eye,
And deem the soul must inly bow
To Care's dull weight—to Misery's sigh.

II.

No!—oft across *my* teeming brain
Thy airy shapes, innumerous glide;
And phantasies,—a wayward train,—
With sober Truth that realm divide:
But all unmix'd with Gloom or Wo,
Thy gentle influence o'er me steals:
Ah! half allied to Rapture's glow
The spell thy ardent votary feels.

III.

Aye! even in many a waking hour,
Come dreams to madness near allied—
The hope to scale the heights of power—
A Nation's choice, a Senate's pride:
Full well I know such thoughts but mock
The mind to which no more is given:
But humblest blade and loftiest oak
Alike may rear their heads to heaven.

IV.

My dreams may fade, as dreams have faded,
My heart congeal from Misery's chill:
My path with Care and Wo be shaded;
Well—Hope enjoyed is Rapture still!
If Ill shall overcloud my morrow,
Still Hope shall breathe, It cannot last;
And on the sombre clouds of Sorrow
Reflect the sunshine of the Past.

New-York, 1839.

THE EARLY DEAD.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

When into dust, like dewy flowers departed,
From our dim paths the bright and lovely fade;
The fair in form—the pure—the gentle-hearted,
Whose looks within the breast a Sabbath made—
How, like a whisper on the inconstant wind,
The memory of their voices stirs the mind!

We hear the song, the sigh, the fitful laughter,
That from their lips in balm were wont to flow,
When Hope's beguiling wing they hurried after,
And drank her syren music, long ago:
When Joy's bright harp to sweetest lays was strung,
And poured rich numbers for the loved and young.

When the pale stars are burning high in heaven—
When the low night-winds kiss the flowering tree,
And thoughts are deepening in the hush of even,
How soft those voices on the heart will be!
They breathe of raptures that have bloomed and [died—
Of sorrows by remembrance sanctified.

Yet when the loved have from our pathway vanish-
What potent magic can their smiles restore? [ed,
Like some gay sunburst, by the tempest banished,
They passed in darkness—they will come no more;

Unlike the daybeams, when the storm hath fled,
No light renewed breaks on their lowly bed.

And yet what mourner, though the thoughtful eye
Be dim and tremulous with burning tears,
But should with rapture gaze upon the sky,
Through whose far depths the spirit's wing careers?
There light immortal o'er their home is flung,
Who fade from earth while yet their years are young

Philadelphia.

OLD LETTERS.

BY J. DIXON.

Old Letters! What are they but wings, not the less Dædalian for the wax with which haply they are sealed, on which we may be wafted back, in spirit, over the Gulf of Years, to the shores of the happy past? Are we not young again, re-reading these forgotten histories? Seem they not like those dim remembrances of another world, which sometimes haunt us, teaching that

> "The soul that rises with us—our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar?"

Does not the shadow on the dial go back—does not life stand still, as we linger over these still-speaking heralds of the past? Do I dream, or is it thy face, N. T. R.—dimly pictured—growing slowly more distinct—that I see on that neatly-written sheet—the elegant chirography, fit emblem of thyself? Methinks thy smile was gayer.

Alas! that our youth is not eternal!—But my theme is not sad; pardon me, sweet lady—it is my mood.

There is but one thing for which I cannot forgive Ellen ———. That she should request me to return her letters—was too much. I have them all in my

memory, but——The handwriting—the sheet on which the delicate fingers have rested—and on one, ye gods, 'tis true!—the deep stain of one full, heavy tear! Can any thing repay the loss of these?

Gentle reader!—I feel that I speak to your heart. Is there not, locked carefully in some precious casket, a letter—perhaps more than one—every word of which is engraven on your memory, yet which you read, it may be daily, striving to find some new and hidden meaning in its familiar sentences? It speaks perchance of love, and proves—that your lover is careless. Eschew love-letters, let me say.

I fancy I can determine a man's character from his letters. If his sentiments are disguised, something, if it be but the handwriting, will betray him. I wish for no better physiognomy. Who would not see thee, A. S. C.—with thy quiet smile, and deep thoughts, flowing like a full river, calm, still, but mighty, uttered with an unpretending voice—in thy elegant and pithy letters? And thou, too, sweet Florence,—whom alone, of earthly maidens, I remember in my solitude—hast thou not depicted thine own elegant mind in those sky-blue, gilt-edged folios? I have not forgotten thee; and it may be, on some shady, bird-haunted island—afar down the River of Time—*we may meet again.* And thou, Ellen ———, whom I have said I can never forgive, for recalling those carrier pigeons of thy heart, thine own sweet letters—was not their fitful and passionate eloquence a type of thyself—a spiritual portrait, more perfect than any work of human art—an image of thy soul?

How strangely it strikes one to fall in, accident-

ally, with an old letter of one's own writing! It is like meeting a half-forgotten friend. We should know those thoughts; but when, or where we made their acquaintance, we cannot, for our life, remember. Yet we would believe they can scarcely be our own. The wit, we would fain think, was keener—its spirit must have evaporated as the ink has paled—and the sentiments were less trite. In how short a time have those startling paradoxes grown truisms! Even the handwriting, which we had once fondly deemed almost beautiful—how sadly old age has cramped it! And the style, too—but we write better now.

We may not live alway. Our life is but a dream of misery, from which, too often I fear, we awake to the reality. There is but one solace for human suffering, and that is *human love*. It is the soul's aliment. Therefore do I love a letter, old or new—for the new will soon be old. They are the messengers of love and friendship—the winged Mercuries of the heart; and in their old age shall they be forgotten? They have served their day—they have finished their course; tears from sorrowing eyes have fallen upon them, glad hearts have leaped with joy over them, and now shall they be neglected and despised? I would not use a brute thus. Yet there be many who have no ears for the mute voice of an old letter; they forget how it thrilled them once; they remember not the trembling hands with which the seal was broken, and the joy or the sorrow which it inspired is forgotten.

I have a fondness for antiquity in general: and what grows old sooner than a letter? Age is merely

relative, and this letter under my hand, that has come all the way from Georgia, since November, is older than the Madeira that sparkles beside it. It is a great merit to grow old rapidly, and while the wine has been mellowing—not over two voyages—how many an old letter has grown a perfect ruin!

A ruin! Who would not wish to gaze, before death closes his eyes for ever, on a magnificent, time-worn ruin of the old world? Mouldering columns, threatening arches, overhanging walls, dim aisles, and dark, deep dungeons—all that remains of frowning castles, within whose shelter, in the glorious days of chivalry, the dwellers in the wild country around sought refuge; what heart would not throb, gazing on these awful relics? Mighty men and beautiful women have caused the glad music of life to resound through those broad passages, and now—where are they? Silence—death's music—is over and around them. Let them sleep!

But—smile not, I am serious—an old letter is a nobler, gloomier ruin than the proudest edifice that ever crumbled to the earth. What hopes and fears, and joys and griefs, were once centred in its tear-dimmed pages! Could you but read the history of that letter, it would teach you that the humblest interests of the human heart are as important as the weal or wo of monarchs. Perchance it was written in grief—perchance in joy. It told, perhaps, of the death of a friend, a brother, a parent. It may be that long cherished hopes were blighted by its heart-crushing intelligence. Perfidy, ingratitude, treachery, may have been there exhibited. Perchance in solitude and sadness that sheet was read, and over

it the heart was broken, and then commenced the first moment of a life of despair! It speaks, perhaps, of affections estranged, of love grown cold. Or, perhaps, to some sweet maiden, blooming like the wild flower of her own native valleys, it brought the first assurance of his love, whom in silence and solitude her heart had wedded long before, unknown even to itself.

Of all letters, a love-letter alone is not improved by age. Witness the profane glee of a maiden of sixteen, over the torn and blurred sheets newly discovered in the garret, setting forth the love of her honored father for the sweet Isabella Bellville, now no less a person than her own careful mother. It is,—it is the self-same dignified handwriting. How ill befitting it seems to those soft sentiments! Alas! twenty years have unetherealised his angel. The seraph has become a mortal—no longer,

> too bright and good,
> For human nature's daily food.

The goddess has become a housewife. She excels in receipes; she looks to the main chance; she saves the fragments!

Ye who affect the tender passion—if ye must write down your love, burn, I beseech you, on your wedding night, your letters—if their heat have not already consumed them. Those vows and protestations will embitter many a sweet quarrel—their perusal, believe me, will be any thing but refreshing, after a reconciliation.

My amusement, of a melancholy hour, is looking

over my old letters, male and female. I forget my friendless, bachelor estate, as I linger over the crow-quill traces of many a delicate female's autograph. If a poor pun could console me, I might remember that they gave me their *hands*. Hearts, I fear me much, they had none.

THE LIFE OF DREAMS.

BY WILLIAM FALCONER.

1.

How sweet to live over again in a dream
  Lost hours which for ever have fled; [stream,
To sit 'mong the flowers, by the Past's pictured
  And discourse with the beautiful dead!

2.

To roam through the woods where our Infancy trod,
  As gay as the spring-birds above;
O then the free spirit is nearer its God,
  For it floats on the pinions of Love.

3.

Come, repose thee, my friend, in this musical wood,
  And I'll tell thee my dream of last night!
Methought by the grave of the loved one I stood,
  As faded the West's purple light:

4.

And that like Aurora she rose from the grave,
  As fresh to the eye as when last
Together we sat by the wild-wooded wave,
  In the far summer days of the Past!

5.

Methought where the beam of her azure eye fell,
  All grew bright as when feeling was young;
For the landscape of Childhood remembered so well,
  Around us by magic was flung.

6.

And together we roamed to the old ruined tower,
Where the wild flowers like fairy gifts bloom:
And my spirit forgot in that mystical bower
My love had e'er slept in the tomb.

7.

And we loved, as we loved in the years long ago,
And my heart beat with rapture as then;
For its pulses were free from the bondage of woe,
And was e'en in its spring-time again.

8.

O, to live for an hour in that vision once more,
I would barter all earth can impart:
But Fancy's kaleidoscope ne'er can restore
That dream to my sorrowing heart.

9.

As the bark when becalmed in the blue southern main
Descries some fair island of peace,
But, severed by storms, never finds it again—
So parted my vision of bliss!

10.

No juice of the poppy, nor fabulous spell,
Nor the sage's most coveted lore,
Can rebuild that fair fabric of slumber that fell
Into ruin, like joys that are o'er!

Paris, Feb. 17, 1838.

THE DYING WARRIOR.

BY G. M. SNOW.

"Oh! place me on my old war horse,
And place my spear in rest;
And gird the spur upon my heel,
The corslet on my breast:
I would don my harness once again,
I would ride one more career—
For I love the wail of the stirring trump,
The glaive, and the oaken spear.

"I would I could see on the breezes free
My banner once more flung out!
I would that these failing ears might hear
Once more my battle shout!
Oh! place me on Selim's back again,
I would die in my warrior's mail—
The spirit of old will bear me up,
Though the wasted flesh may fail!

"So! I am young! Death to the Moor!
I ride with as free a rein
As when I trampled the Paynim down,
On the bloody fields of Spain!
Advance my banner! my heart leaps high
At the sight of its folds again!
Ho! Charge, as ye charged in days of yore,
And God, in his might, for Spain!

The spear has dropped from his powerless grasp,
He has broken a lance with Death:
He will mount no more for the battle field,
At the trumpet's warning breath:
He sleeps with the great of his noble line—
But Decay's corrupting touch
Cannot dim one word of his epitaph—
"Sans peur et sans reproche!"

Κοιμητηρί'ου.

This Greek word, from which our 'Cemetery' is derived, signifies 'Sleeping-place.'

BY REV. J. WILLIAMS.

Not home of death we call thee, churchyard, then,
Man's resting place;
Sweet couch for misery,
To poor and humble free,
—Who have God's grace,
And willing yield their souls to him again:—
Where all sleep sweetly, side by side,
Nor harm can come, nor ill betide.

Blest bed of rest! beneath the summer flowers
We quiet sleep;
While mid the shadowy trees,
That moan with passing breeze,
And o'er us weep,
Sweet birds do warble to the passing shower;
Or 'chance at eve, our spirits come,
And hover o'er their ancient home.

Why should they not? The day will come 'tis known
When we must rise,
And in our bodily form,
With life and being warm,
See with our eyes,

The vision of our Judge on cloud built throne.
Why then may not the soul keep ward,
O'er temples of the living Lord ?

Sweet couch ! untroubled rest ! oh thou dost seem
A blessing high,
The great God doth ordain ;
And though it be short pain,
To close the eye,
In that deep sleep that knows no fearful dream,
Yet if we sleep in Christ, we know
We wake to bliss, and sleep to woe.

POWER AND MERCY.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HAMERSLEY.

It comes! th' oppressive air is motionless,
And Nature seems like one, who, passion-wrought,
Will, fixed and breathless, for one moment stand,
Before he gives the madd'ning impulse way.
The sky is all concealed by murky clouds,
Whose deep-toned murmurs give a sense of awe,
And with a sad foreboding weigh us down;
The waves in mighty undulation swell,
Making fantastic foam-wreaths in the air,
And, in their mad rebellion rushing on,
Aspire to their funereal canopy,
Uprising with their wild and whitened locks,
Like old prophetic seers denouncing woe!
Now reels the maelstrom like a maniac's brain,
And now the lightning fires the autumn woods,
And like invading hosts, the lurid flames
Pass by in wrath, and leave no sign behind
Save desolation. The avalanche rolls down,
Gath'ring new strength at each successive bound,
At once a shroud, a monument, a grave!

The red volcano belches out its fires,
And sends its lava-fury through the towns,
Pelting great cities with its burning stones,
As if the works of men were playthings all.

Thunders above! beneath! within the ground,
The mighty earthquake swells its fearful wrath,
And soon from its imprisonment bursts forth,
As on the Judgment-day the dead will come:
Commanding cities, lordly palaces,
High tow'rs, proud fanes, and boastful works of art,
Are crushed within the hollow of its hand.
Like the dark fiend of hell, foul pestilence,
Stalking in horrid stillness is abroad,
And gathers up his helpless prey in flocks,
And gives them to his pulseless master, Death!
The sand-wrought columns o'er the desert stalk
In fearfulness, like giant misanthropes,
And glide as victors o'er their fallen foes.
The whirlwinds' awful sound! God's clarion!
The forest-monarchs bend their lofty heads,
And bending not enough, like fragile reeds
Are broken.

Oh! how full of strength is God!
Ocean and earth reveal his might and pow'r,
And the loud, and chainless winds, proclaim it.
Oh! will he not in wrath destroy the world,
And set his mighty engines all at work,
To sweep poor man from his creation off?

Away vain fear! the writing of his hand
Is now appearing in the firmament:
Ye who saw his might, behold his mercy!
Behold God's covenant upon the clouds!

Ὀνειροπολία.

AN ESSAY ON DREAMS.

BY DAVID LAMBERT.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of," says the immortal Bard of Avon. This is one of those fine, impressive sayings that pass into proverbs. We reiterate them—we acknowledge their justice—but we rarely analyze or examine them. Of the thousands and tens of thousands who may reasonably be supposed to have repeated the line we have quoted, how few have ever felt their true force, or inquired of themselves, "What is this 'stuff that dreams are made of?'" What *are* dreams, or what affinity do they bear to our waking visions?

Philosophically considered, dreams are but the continuation of our waking reveries. In sleep the fancy, unrestricted by the stern vigilance of reason, untrammelled by the presence of surrounding objects, runs riot—sometimes gracefully wandering in the flowery paths of pleasure, calling the smile of delight to the unconscious lips of beauty, or to the sterner features of manhood. At others, wildly rushing into the midst of scenes of pain, of anguish, and of hopeless misery. At one time the dreamer basks in the sunshine of prosperity, and roves in the gardens of Love. "The wealth of Ormus and of Ind" is poured out before him—The houris of Mahomet's paradise bewitch him with the gentle lustre

of their eyes—Scenes of enchantment swell on his astonished gaze—Banquets fit for the gods await his taste—The music of Heaven is warbled in his ears. Anon, the scene shifts—He is alone, among rocks, and deserts and wild beasts—he starts, he trembles, he fears some nameless, horrible, disaster; he tries to fly, but his limbs refuse to carry him: he is chained to the spot—a feeling of utter hopelessness overcomes him; he is doomed. The cold sweat gathers on his brow,—physical excitement conquers sleep, and with a gasp of agony he starts awake!

The same states of mental action which produce these different results, would, in waking moments, cause feelings of unwonted exhilaration or of corresponding depression: what are termed in common parlance, good or bad spirits,—moments of inspiration, or of utter despondency.

The good old days when "old men saw visions, and young men dreamed dreams," are now gone by. The fantastical wanderings of the sleeper's imagination are no longer invested with that deep importance with which they were formerly clad. The march of intellect and the advance of science has stripped from their illusions the pranks of the fairy queen Mab. The portals of Ivory and of Horn are no longer opened for the egress of nocturnal spirits. The night Hag now only appears in the wake of a champagne supper or a turtle feast. The romance of dreams is mostly fled. Still in the quiet villages of sober New England, and even in some time-honored nooks of our large cities, a few venerable spinsters may be found, whose religious belief in the

mysterious character of dreams is unshaken and unimpaired by the profane scoffings of the rising generation. They have dreamed dreams that were the sure precursors of the events they so faithfully foretold. Never has a death happened in the circle of their acquaintance, but three times thrice it has been revealed to them in sleep—nor a marriage of which they have not had similar mysterious pre-admonitions. The Seven Sleepers of the Eastern tale, who certainly enjoyed the longest nap on record, could not have had a more miscellaneous series of nocturnal visions.

Alas! we put no faith in dreams. Would that we could; some days would surely await us were *they* to be fulfilled, that would richly compensate many a weary year of toil. Who is there that has not in dreams found himself by the side of some lovely girl, wandering in the wild green wood! Deep silence reigning around, only broken by the occasional note of some forest warbler—there has he loitered—it would seem for hours of deep and ever varying delight—then the warm words of passion, of deep unquenchable love, that he would pour from the inmost recesses of his heart, and the crystal tear in that downcast eye, the heightened blush of that lovely cheek, the heaving of that swelling bosom, as the lips of the sweetest creation of a poet's fancy breathed forth in soft and broken accents those words which made his happiness unspeakable! Oh, the pity of ever waking from such a dream!

Our good old bachelor friend *Horatius* is something of a visionary; and it was one of these dreams that lately tempted him to revisit, after an absence

of many years, the scene of his boyish days. "The companions of my youthful sports," said he to us, as we talked the matter over after his return, "the first dream of early love, and the form of the sweet village girl who had made the first impressions on a school boy's heart—all of whom I grieve to confess had been nearly obliterated from my memory by the active business of an absorbing profession,—appeared before me in a dream, with all the freshness of reality. It seemed that 'Love's young dream' again revived, more subtily than ever, beguiled my senses, and my own sweet Mary was lovelier than the 'Peris of Paradise.'" Alas for our good old-bachelor friend! The ardor of his imagination overleaped the lapse of years, and the occupations of a busy life had kept him in ignorance of the news of his almost forgotten village. Time may well be called "edax rerum," the devourer of all things. Some of our friend's early companions had been summoned by the inexorable tyrant to their long account. Over others, a wave of his magic glass and a touch of the fatal sickle, had spread the transforming garb of age. Above all, Mary, *his* Mary—the "inexpressive" vision of his sleeping and waking dreams for the last weary month—weary till he could once more find himself in her bewitching presence,—*his Mary* was introduced to her half incredulous, and wholly disappointed lover,as *Mrs. Nehemiah Stubbs!* Nor was the occupation of his fair one more romantic than the name for which she had exchanged the more euphoneous title of Mary Warner. He found her—not as Werter first met his Charlotte, cutting with ineffable grace bread and butter for her little

brothers and sisters—but, surrounded by a group of little flaxen headed urchins, seriously superintending the manufacture of an immense cheese! Here was a Bathos—a countercheck—a repulsion. Married, and to a *Stubbs!* So altered, too. Where was that delicacy of form, and soft bright eye which had won his boyish heart? And such a horrible occupation—making a cheese! In two hours Horatius was on his way to the city, where, buried in the penetralia of his Law office, he made haste to forget his disappointment, and never more put faith in dreams. * * * * * * * *

One of the most remarkable circumstances attending dreams, is the sort of *double existence* with which our sleeping visions are often gifted. Thus we sometimes will seem *to stand one side* and watch the working of a passion, or the development of an adventure of which we ourselves are the subjects. We seem to lose our individuality, or to possess a two-fold being. Our sensations are something as we may suppose, had they the power of reason and reflection, would be felt by those marine animals or zoophytes in whom the separation of the body produces not death, but each part continues to exist a distinct and separate being. There is something strange in a dream of this nature. It seems to lift the curtain, and give a faint glimpse of a future and incomprehensible state of being.

Who would undertake to classify dreams? Their species are more numerous than the sands of the sea-shore. Sometimes they are as simple as the plainest thought of our waking moments—at others complex,—involved,—eccentric. Oft times we will

dream that *we are dreaming*, and try in our sleep to waken from our trance, at others a dream will seem to re-commence at some point where it had left off before—and appear like the narration of a tale to be clearly and consistently continued.

We have somewhere read of a German student who, by long care and much training, possessed the mastery over his dreams; so that before committing himself to sleep he could regulate at will the entertainments of his nocturnal hours. He was poor in purse and feeble in health; but in his dreams he was richer than the famous king of Lydia—robust as the mature Hercules. All the splendors of wealth and power were gathered around him, and stretched on his humble pallet, he ruled the destinies of imaginary nations. *What was the real existence of this man?* In sleep, continuously and regularly, night after night, a powerful emperor—waking, a humble peasant. Who shall say he was not as much the former, as the latter? What are our waking moments, but strange, wild dreams? Who that receives some sudden accession of fortune, does not secretly pinch his arm or bite his lip, to prove that he is not dreaming; thereby showing the narrow distinction between the day-dream, and the vision of the night!

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

New-York, Oct. 1838.

SUMMER EVENING.

BY THE REV. R. TURNBULL.

The day declines—the garish light is gone,
And over hill and dale the twilight falls;
The star of eve begins to smile alone
In her far western bower; the night-bird calls
Unto her mate, in wild, melodious tone;
Whilst on the listening ear the murmur falls
Of a small brook, which gladly rolls along,
And softly mingles with the milk-maid's song.

I seek the river's brink, whose placid breast
Mirrors the brightness of that lovely star,
Which, from its high and hallowed place of rest,
Looks down on sinful men, who, from afar,
Regard it as some region of the blest,
Who, having passed the dark, untrodden bar
That bounds the tide of time, have reached the shore,
"Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar."

The fresh and balmy winds which crisp the wave,
And send a ripple to the pebbly shore,
My flushed and burning temples sweetly lave,
And to the troubled mind its peace restore,
Which erewhile wandered by the gloomy grave
Of its lost hopes, or heard the dismal roar
Of life departing to the tideless sea
Of a dim, dark, untried eternity.

The hush of eve—the murmur of the stream—
The mirrored beauty of its placid breast—
The memory of the past—my childhood's dream,
The breezes wandering to their place of rest,
The lonely star of eve, which I might deem
The pure and cherished home of spirits blest,
Come o'er me with a soft and hallowed spell,
And all the gloom of thought and care dispel.

Alone, with nature, and with God I stand!
And the soothed spirit folds her wings in peace;
Whilst o'er it comes the shade of that far land,
Where care-worn mortals find a sweet release
From all the ills of life, at God's right hand;
Where care and sorrow shall forever cease,
And o'er the mounting spirit beam the ray
Of unobstructed, everlasting day!

WHEN IN FOND MEMORY'S MAGIC GLASS.

When in fond Memory's magic glass,
With earnest eye intent we gaze,
And there in quick succession pass
The buried joys of former days:
We read Life's folded leaves again,
Scenes that of erst we loved so well—
When young Love wove his flowery chain,
And Hope her magic spell!

And Childhood's happy home is there,
And Childhood's free and blithesome hours:
Again we prove a mother's care,
'Neath young Life's radiant morning bowers;
A reverend father bows him then,
Fervent his gladsome child to bless;
Brothers and sisters join again
In Love's endeared caress.

Then, when Time rolls his years along,
We rove the flowery paths of youth,
We list to Hope's delusive song,
And deem her golden promise truth:
Bright beam the skies above our head—
Fair are the vales beneath our feet—
Onward we rush with eager tread,
To scenes with joy replete!

The dead—the dead—the peaceful dead,
Come crowding from the spirit land!
Again we list the well known tread—
Again we grasp the friendly hand;
We gaze on each familiar face,
Loved in our early hour of pride;
And joyous in the fond embrace,
We deem they have not died!

Thus, when in Memory's magic glass,
With lingering glance we fondly gaze,
And there in quick succession pass
The loved, the lost, of other days;
Again we live those seasons fair,
And love those scenes we loved so well;
And weep when Earth's returning care
Has broke the spirit-spell!

C. W. E.

NOVEMBER.

1.

These raving winds that chide the silent glade,
And frowning clouds that ride the air above,
And plains where frost has bleached the tender blade,
Of all which nature wears, the most I love.

2.

Thus was it not in boyhood's better hour,
When wildly bounding with the free bird's wing,
My bosom blessed the first low dawning flower,
And carolled to the breeze of coming spring.

3.

But hearts like seasons change. The bud that breathes
Upon the glebe, bleak winter will destroy;
And ice must clasp the bough that summer wreathes;
So fate can wither up the young soul's joy.

4.

Yon twilight hue which fleets away so pale,
The nightly shadows hast'ning chill and fast,
The faded herb along the tuneless vale,
The sapless reed that shivers in the blast—

5.

The lonely elm, which, bending o'er the stream,
Resigns its last gray leaf amid the tide,
Where once it saw, beneath a kindlier beam,
Its summer tresses mirrored fair and wide—

6.

The bird that lingers mute upon the spray,
Her nest deserted, yet again to view,
Before she wings afar her exile way,
Of me and mine, is each an emblem true.

7.

And *thou!*—Yet why an image ever bring
To haunt the grave of buried hopes unblest,
And stir the last, black, bitter dregs that cling
Like poisoned fangs within this callous breast?

8.

That dream an orphan's craving long had fed,
And warmed with rosy beams his dreary state;
But ah! too late the sweet delirium fled,
He woke, and all was void and desolate.

9.

Can spring with all her light and laughing bloom,
Her gushing music and her breezes bland,
One ray of gladness shed upon his doom,
Till welcome death the homeless wretch demand?

10.

Better the sallow leaf, the vineyard shorn,
The scathed limb that angry gusts have riven,
The hollow stalk bereft of golden corn,
And bloomless wastes and dearth, to him be given.

11.

Nature, an hour for all thou 'st made aright!
A season fair to shine on happy hearts;
A darker hour to meet the spirit's blight,
When all but breath and bitterness, departs.

Ex———r.

THE ARAB STEED.

BY WILLIAM FALCONER.

The wounded sheik lay bound in chains,
But his Arab heart beat high,
As he thought upon his tented plains,
Where pastoral palm-trees sigh:
He pondered on the wealth of Life
Squandered like worthless store—
Of his brave companions in the strife,
Now blackening in their gore!

His spirit sunk into a dream—
The vultures fierce he saw
By a red carnage-cumbered stream
Their pulseless bosoms gnaw:
He viewed his stately patriarch tent,
With his fair boys at play:
He heard their careless merriment,
And Abla's love-taught lay.

Fond one! she knew not that the morn
Would shine the last for him,
Else would she rend her locks forlorn,
Else were her dark eye dim:
That Chief had looked in Death's dark face,
From Youth, without a fear;
Yet in his eye you then might trace
The semblance of a tear.

But deem not 'twas his own dark doom
Bade that warm tribute start:
It was—that on his slighted tomb
Would break that loving heart!
What rouses his lost thoughts at length?
A desert steed's wild neigh:
Free, as when glorying in his strength
He joins the battle fray.

"My steed! I knew thy neigh full well,
Thou rival of the gale!
Long shall the desert minstrel tell
Thine and thy master's tale:
And shall thou never more career
Athwart the desert wide,
My noble barb, but linger here,
Neglected in thy pride?

"Yes!" as he spoke, his lord forgot
His hastening doom, and crept,
Though bleeding, fired by generous thought,
Midst free that heedless slept,
Until he found his noble steed,
Then gnawed his cord apart,
With fastly failing strength, and freed
The sharer of his heart.

"Now speed thee hence, my noble one,
And seek my regal tent,
And tell that ere to-morrow's sun
Shall Kaled's breath be spent!

Say to my black-eyed Abla, too,
  In vain shall she deplore,
And the blue distant mountains view,
  For Kaled comes no more!

"Away!"—the earth the bold barb spurned,
  And scorned the sandy plain:
But swiftly to his lord returned,
  As though he felt the rein,
And gazed—and neighed—then in his teeth
  He seized the dying sheik
And bore him safe from savage death,
  Ere morning's bloody streak.

Away! o'er mount and desert waste,
  Away! through torrent's foam,
The steed and fainted rider haste
  Unto their patriarch home!
The goal is reached—the race is o'er,
  Ere waned that fated night:
The Chief is saved—but ah! no more
  His steed shall view the light.

Beneath the tent's broad sycamore,
  Upon the lilied turf,
He gasps for life, besmeared with gore,
  And foam, like Ocean's surf:
Yet still upon his lord he keeps
  His dimmed black eye with pride,
Who, weary, worn, unconscious sleeps,
  With Abla by his side!

Bold barb! the desert harp shall swell
Its proudest song for thee;
And pilgrims by the shady well
Vaunt thy fidelity.
When heroes fell, each high strung lyre
Awoke a kindred lay:
Nor didst thou without song expire,
For thou wert bold as they.

Paris, Nov. 18, 1837.

[The subject of this anecdote in rhyme is taken from Lamartine's "Travels in the East," vol. iii.]

STANZAS.

"Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero."

Horace.

BY CHAUNCEY L. DAVIS.

"CARPE diem;" catch the fleeting
  Pleasures of the present day,
While the pulse of health is beating,
  And the strength knows no decay.

"Carpe diem;" for the morrow,
  Dark within the Future's womb,
May bring with it care and sorrow,
  Or shine upon thy new made tomb.

Odors rich the halls are lading,
  And thy brows are crowned with flowers;
Those shall perish, these are fading,
  Catch then quick the fleeting hours.

Such thy lesson, jovial Flaccus,
  Such thy practice, gentle bard;
The smiles of Venus and of Bacchus
  Were for thee a rich reward.

Yet, Horace, well enough thou knewest
  Thy precept and thy practice vain;
That fleeting joys are never truest,
  That pleasure needs the rest of pain.

Though the wine-cup sparkles brightly,
Though with joy each face is flushed,
Though song and toast and jest pass lightly,
And all thought of care seems hushed;

View the "banquet hall deserted,"
As morning there her splendor spreads;
All the guests have now departed,
But with aching hearts and heads.

The cups are drained; the deep libation
Which on Pleasure's shrine they poured,
All has proved a vain oblation
To the god whom they adored.

See around the scattered roses,
Faded all, and trampled down;
The head which now in pain reposes
Wore them as a joyous crown.

Yes! they thought not of the morrow;
Well the precept they obeyed;
No share from future care they borrow,
Yet by present sweets betrayed.

Wisdom teaches that the pleasures
Which the passing moment brings,
Like all other earthly treasures,
Fly away with hasty wings.

"Fugit hora;" swiftly by us
Flies the Hour that bears away
All the sorrows here that try us,
All the joys that gild our stay.

"Fugit hora;" live then rightly;
Take life's pleasure with its pain;
Live as though, when sleeping nightly,
Thou may'st never wake again!

SONNET.

TO HOWARD.

If I could make my Harp's tone pure and sweet,
As freshest odor, on the freshest gale,
When healthiest breathings of the spring prevail,
Then would it, Howard, be no more than meet,
That I should choose its softest strain for thee;
Thou for whose welfare, sick and poor did pray,
Thou who thro' poisoned air did'st wend thy way,
To heal thy fellow-man in misery;
But my weak strain can only hint thy worth,
Thou much-loved blessing to thy fellow-dust,
Yet let me utt'rance give to my firm trust,
That thou did'st leave for better worlds this earth,
And dost in scenes to mortal eye unknown,
Rejoice with spirits, lovely as thine own.

W. J. H.

THE UNMARKED GRAVES.

I.

A BLEAK and lonely burial-place—
  Two graves without a stone—
There slumber, in cold Earth's embrace,
  The loved—the early flown.
Brother and sister! side by side
  Their mouldering forms repose;
And, distant far, my heart's full tide
  Heaves to that shrine of woes.

II.

True, Time has rolled his wasting flood
  O'er many changing years,
Since near their rest, a child, I stood
  —I have no longer tears.
Yet still the thought will sadly press
  On Memory's pensive hours,
Of those o'er whose dark lowliness
  Bloom Spring's most fragile flowers.

III.

And, westward far, at midnight, swells
  A mother's anxious breast,
With dreams of him who lonely dwells,
  Of them who calmly rest:

Unbidden pearls of treasured love
From that full fount run o'er,
As greets she those who here shall move
That breast to joy no more.

IV.

Brother and sister! well ye sleep
Within your narrow graves,
Undreaming of the spell we keep
In Memory's crystal caves.
Sleep on, beloved! through all Earth's gloom,
This joy to us is given,
To deem ye victors o'er the tomb,
And know of such is Heaven.

New York, 1838. H. G.

THE NATIVE VILLAGE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

SWEETLY wild, sweetly wild,
Were the scenes that charm'd me when a child.
Rocks, grey rocks, with their caverns dark,
Leaping rills, like the diamond spark,
Torrent voices, thundering by,
When the pride of the vernal floods swell'd high,
And quiet roofs, like the hanging nest,
'Mid cliffs, by the feathery foilage drest.

Beyond, in those woods, did the wild-rose grow,
And the lily gleam out where the lakelets flow,
And the trailing arbutus shroud its grace,
Till its fragrance bewray'd its hiding-place,
And the woodbine hold to the dews its cup,
And the vine, with its clustering grapes go up,
Up, to the crest of the tallest trees,
And there, with the humming-birds and bees,
On a seat of turf, embroidered fair,
With the violet blue and the columbine rare
It was sweet to sit, till the sun threw down
At the gate of the west, his golden crown:
Sweetly wild, sweetly wild,
Were the scenes that charm'd me, when a child.

THE EXILE'S CAVE.

My country! when I trod the far-fam'd shores,
Along whose sands the Adrian billow roars;
When turn'd from Alpine crags my ling'ring view,
And cast tow'rds vanish'd Rome a last adieu;
When down I look'd from many a vine-clad steep,
Where Rhine's swift tides of rock and ruin sweep;
When glad I saw, in triumph's stately rest,
An hundred fleets on Thames' reposing breast;
Still from each scene mine eye was westward turn'd,
Still at thy name the filial feeling burn'd;
And still the stranger join'd that honor'd name
With some high word of freedom, praise and fame.
Then long'd thy son, his little all to lend,
Thy glorious trust to keep, adorn, defend;
Then to his lips the warm thanksgiving sprung,
That on thy lot his prizeless birthright hung;
Then kings and kingdoms, mount and ocean, fled,
And thy green forests echoed to his tread.
'Twas nature's call, 'twas duty's sacred vow:
Fain would the wand'rer's hand fulfil it now!
Far as thy cities lift the sands of men,
Far as thou look'st o'er prairie, wood and glen,
Far as thy waters roll to either sea,
Thou should'st be stainless, as thou would'st be free:
Who shall not seize the moments as they fly,
When on their wings immortal blessings lie!

Dearest art thou: yet dear is many a land;
I grasp'd in all a welcome's joyous hand:
Oft was the meeting brief, yet sweet the stay;
Unknown I came, in tears I turn'd away:
I know not now if yet they linger here,
I shall not greet them till the dead appear;
But they have taught the slumb'ring fire to wake,
Dear is their country for their mem'ry's sake.
So one bright chain all living hearts may bind;
So man was made, was sav'd, to love mankind:
So, through each realm the mystic church is spread,
Joining the living with th' undying dead,
Joining the pure below, the bless'd above,
All in His sov'reign name, whose name is love.

D. E. G.

SOCRATES.

BY B. F. WATSON.

THERE is no character of all antiquity upon which my mind delights to dwell with such eagerness, as that of the philosopher Socrates. And this, perhaps, is still more increased by the fact, that the more I allow my imagination the effort to picture for itself the man as he was, the greater I find the difficulty of forming a distinct idea of him. And after all, it is more of an *idea*, than any thing *real* which used to exist in the form of humanity, that takes possession of my mind. It is not so with Homer:

"The blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle,"

is distinctly pictured before me, as he sat at the feasts of the great, reciting his immortal strains, or amid the populace of the cities, filling their souls with patriotism—to them the highest virtue—and again at the crowded contests exulting in all the majesty of his superior intellect. Notwithstanding the doubt which has been raised as to the very identity of his existence, and the folios of criticism and the folios of actual denial which have been written, I can discern amidst them all, the very existing, nay the very *singing* Homer. And this is why I am soon satisfied with feasting my thoughts of the old Bard, and turn with pleasure to the feast he has left

the mind—the immortal Iliad. But it is not so with Socrates. He is a phantom which haunts the mind, but which eludes every effort to grasp it. Yet he is the idol of my thoughts. Long before I had learned from the classic page his sayings and doings—even while yet a child—I had read the passionate exclamation of the old blind preacher, which had raised in my youthful mind an idea of the great. I thought that he must have been something more than human, of whom it could be said by such an one as Rosseau, "Socrates died like a Philosopher, but Jesus Christ died like a God." What a *man* must he have been, who could have been *thus* mentioned, with one whom we acknowledge to be God in man! And what a death must a *Philosopher* die! Such was my first thought of Socrates. And when it is remembered under what circumstances these words of Rosseau were repeated, no wonder that *that* man took such hold upon the thoughts of the child. It was with all the eloquence and pathos of which the gifted Wirt was capable, that he tells the thrilling story. In a simple country church, before a rustic audience, an old and blind but venerable man appeared as the preacher of the day. "Never before," says the narrator, "did I listen to such a sermon as that old, blind preacher gave." By his thrilling eloquence he had insensibly raised the feelings of his hearers to the highest state to which they might be wrought—melted them to tears—appeared himself to be lost in the very ecstacies of that exciting moment, and it seemed to be impossible for human power to bring them down from the height to which he had carried them, without

destroying the effect; when suddenly he burst forth in the exclamation, "*Socrates died like a Philosopher, but Jesus Christ died like a God*"—and immediately burst into a flood of tears! The effect was complete.*

No wonder I say, my idea of Socrates was great, when I first learned of him under such circumstances. But my admiration for him was then mixed with profound ignorance of his character. I grew up, and the ignorance was dispelled, that admiration increased, and my wonder was, that such a man lived and died *a heathen*. But away with such an idea. He was not a Christian, but he was no more a heathen. He was not a Christian, because there was no Christianity: he was *not* a heathen because heathenism was idolatry. He stood alone in the world, a light amid impenetrable gloom—a morning star, the faint precursor of the light and glory of day! How pure his morality, for one upon whom the rays of the star which rose in Bethlehem had never fallen! How sublime his precepts, for one who had never sat at the feet of Jesus, and learned of him! How bright he must have shone in the darkness—the moral darkness—with which Athens was then enveloped! How exalted must he have been, among those who mistook—but through a wilful ignorance—his one God for a strange and unknown being—his obedience to the dictates of his conscience, for a communion with false spirits—and his gentle teaching of the Athenian youth, for a corruption of their morals!

* Wirt's British Spy.

Well does Xenophen indignantly exclaim, "how could he, being such an one as he was, do all this." By the consent of all mankind, it seems to have been granted to Socrates to wear that palm, more enduring and more glorious than ever Cæsar won amid his seas of blood or fields of slain, or Homer, with his title of Father of Song, or all the simply great who ever lived, either to devastate the world with their destructive aim, or to charm it with their song, or to enlighten it with their philosophy. To Socrates alone is granted the palm of being the best who ever lived, the best who could live, without light from on high. His, is a name before the world, as identified with every thing which is good and great—a name, emblazoned like a sun, with such beams of light, that we, with all our advantages for moral and intellectual superiority, shrink back from it with dazzled eyes.

SCENE FROM A MANUSCRIPT DRAMA.

BY W. A. C. HOSMER.

[A GLADE IN THE FOREST.]

Flying Arrow.

Your sire is famed for promptness; what precludes
His presence from the council?

Neuga.

I know not:
He is much changed of late, and often pays
Sad visits to my sister's gory couch;
And breathes his incoherent words of wail
To rocks, unsympathizing trees, and lifts
His shrivel'd hands in gnashing madness up
Invoking retribution from the clouds.
On his bald brow hangs gloom, and in the sports,
And loud, light laughter of the festal throng
He finds no joy. While others join the dance,
And move to music round the monarch oak,
He seeks some lone, sad haunt, and fires his brain
With plans of vengeance, or inures his frame
To suffering and hardship on the hills:
Aye! scorning other weapon than his knife,
He dares the panther in his lair of rock,
Or wrestles with the rough bear in his den,
And bares his bosom to the pelting storm

When the dumb beast seeks covert, and beholds
The lightning leap through Heaven, and hears the while
Deep, quailing thunder ; for his mood accords
With Nature in her frantic hour of wrath.

[*Enter Swamp Fox.*]

Where is the Sachem ?

Swamp Fox.

In the wood shot down ;
While walking by my side, the cruel shaft,
Dyed to the feather, quivered in his back
Before I dreamed of danger ; and he fell,
Essaying vainly to articulate.
Like panther, in pursuit of deer, I strove
To overtake the slayer, fell Magua !
But my old limbs, stiff with the weight of years,
The foe outmatched in speed.

Neuga.

Woes fall so thick,
And heavy on my soul, this last great blow
Moves not a muscle : so used am I to wrong
That all the springs of tenderness are dried.
My sister murder'd—wife in bondage dire—
My name almost extinct—my country made
A theatre of butchery and blood,
And finally to crown the ills of Fate
My royal father killed outright ; his locks
Once white as wintry snow by traitor changed
To redness deep and foul. How long shall we

Waste time in words, loud groans and vain regrets,
While Ruin unopposed pursues his course?
In the mad conflict quick and glorious death
Would suit me better than a life like this.
I hear the raven croaking in the wood,
Eager to steep his claws and carrion beak
In the yet reeking slain—an hour ago
Your Sachem and the Ruler of this realm.

Swamp Fox.

The white-browed hell hounds from beyond the sea,
And the fell traitor, flushed with victory
Keep careless watch, and deem the Senecas,
Weak, few and panic-struck, no more
Will dare oppose their power.

Neuga.

To-night, to-night I swear
My tomahawk shall glitter in their camp—
My bow shall twang the fatal note of death,
And if I fall, my ghost shall join the dead
In the bright West where Ou-wee-nee-you* smiles
On Valor passing through his gates of gold.

Flying Arrow.

We follow where *you* venture, and the light
Of morrow's morn shall view our corpses cold;
Or fierce Invasion crushed—our country free.

* The Great Spirit in Seneca dialect.

IONA—FINGAL'S CAVE—GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

BY A TRAVELLER.

We were landed in a small boat in a sheltered cove at the eastern point of the island. We clambered up over the broken pillars to its surface, which is uneven and unrelieved by a single human habitation. A few cattle were grazing here and there, and immense numbers of sea-gulls were wheeling and screaming round the cliffs. But though solitude was there, silence was not. The dashing of the waves along the irregular shore—their deep reverberations along the numerous caves which pierce its sides, made the air all around tremulous with a music in perfect harmony with the scene. After walking a half mile, we effected a descent down the southern face of the island near Olaneshell Cave—which would have detained our steps any where, but in the neighborhood of Fingal's Cave or Hall, as it is indiscriminately called. We hurried along the portion of the island which is lined with a range of columns, a little inclining outwards in the middle, as if bending beneath the superincumbent mass of rocks. This too would have repaid a visit to the island, for more than any other portion of Staffa, it gives the impression of human architecture on a magnificent scale. The basaltic

columns rest nearly vertical upon a rude mass of trap, turf, and support a heavy entablature of trap, without any defined shape except towards the surface, where it exhibits the appearance of a tessalated pavement. From the foot of this range, far out into the ocean, you see nothing but myriads of broken columns, here piled together as if in readiness to construct other caverns, and there lying in every fantastic position.

But this was noticed more particular on my return, for I paused not, till I stood on the Causeway, which leads into Fingal's Hall on the eastern side—and here opened a view into the twilight depths of that vast temple, which will never pass from my memory. No edifice raised by human hands—no sculptured dome—no fretted vault, "where pealing anthems swelled the notes of praise"—no long drawn aisles, not even at night,

> When the pillared arches were over my head,
> And beneath my feet were the bones of the dead—

ever impressed me with such deep solemnity.

The entrance of the Hall is 63 feet from the surface of the water at the average tide, and 40 feet in breadth, and is in the form of a gothic arch, or rather of the contracted gothic arch, reminding me forcibly of the natural bridges of Virginia. Its extreme depth, from Dr. MacCulloch's measurement, is 227 feet. The walls are not parallel to each other, nor have the columns which compose it that geometrical precision I was led to expect from engraved representations. This, instead of impairing

the grandeur of its effect, imparts to it a grace beyond the reach of art. The columns are not of uniform size and height, but vary from 2 to 4 feet in diameter, and from 20 to 44 feet in length, and are generally 5 or 6 sided. Their color is a dark grayish black. The form of the vault does not continue the same as at the entrance, but is in some places almost flat—in others faultless in its architectural regularity—and near the centre, where it is formed of the ends of broken pillars, it bends downwards a little. Carbonate of lime has filtered through the interstices of the pillars at the centre and near the extremity of the vault, forming an exquisite chasing round their edges. The ocean rolls its waves to the very extreme of the cavern, and of course forms its floor. Its color is an emerald green, and its reflected tints, mingling with the chequered light and shade, which the irregular outline of the walls necessarily produces, add much to the harmonious effect of the cavern. Each wave, as it ranged in rapid succession by the sides and dashed against the extremity of the vault, produced an organ-like tone, which, echoing along the irregular roof, fills the whole cavern with a wild and appropriate music.

> The pillared rocks their silent voices raise—
> The deep sea murmurs her Creator's praise.

The cave can be penetrated with perfect safety to the extremity, over the broken pillars, which forms a rude corridor or stairway. The view from that point should not be lost from any false appre-

hension of danger. There is none. The entrance fronts towards Iona, and the ruins of its cathedral are distinctly visible in the distance—a type of the perishableness of man's proudest work, when compared with the stability of a structure like this. The best point of view, however, is either about half way up the eastern side, or else just out of the cavern, on the causeway which extends down into the sea. At these two points the mass of light is broken by the projecting columns—the reflected tints of the ocean—the twilight of the vault—the organ-like tone and echo of the breaking surge—are I think more harmoniously blended. However, this will all depend on the hour, the tide, and the weather. There is no one point of observation, if the visiter can have but one, which will not add to the treasure of his imagination and memory forever.

Our party did not explore the other caverns of the island. They are all inferior in dimensions and interest to Fingal's. I should mention that the highest point on the face of the island is 112 feet.

On our way back to Oban, my mind was busy with the wild speculations which the wonders of Staffa are so well calculated to lead to. I was questioning the past of its origin—of the progress of this structure, raised by agencies which mock the imbecility of human hands—of its long unrecorded history, for it is but within fifty years that its existence was known. What convulsive throes must have shook the ocean and the land—what red fires must have glared on the heavens, when the earthquake and volcano reared these innumerable pillars with the whole entablature of the island

upon them! And was there a time, when a magnificent range of columns, a *giant* causeway indeed, stretched from Scotland to Ireland, which the strong arm of the ocean has broken down, leaving only a fragment here and there to tell of its former grandeur! We have the authority of Poetry on this point, and Science may doubt, it cannot disprove the fact.

LINES

BY REV. R. TURNBULL.

Sweet is Summer's vivid ray,
  Dawning on the limpid wave,
Sweet is music's magic lay,
  In some wild Eolian cave.

Sweet on infant's lip the smile
  As it rests in balmy sleep,
O'er its little couch the while,
  The mother hangs with pleasure deep.

Sweet the moonbeam on the wave,
  Gilding all its heaving breast,
As it shows the watery grave,
  Where the hero sunk to rest.

Sweet is memory's mystic spell,
  Conjuring up our youthful joys;
Hope's bland whisper! who can tell
  The power of her enchanting voice?

Sweeter far is Mercy's ray
  Beaming on a world of woe,
Lighting up a glorious day
  'Mid the gloom of life below.

Sweeter too, the balmy rest
  Of the grave's unbroken sleep,
While the soul on Jesus' breast
  Far away forgets to weep.

Sweeter still the holy lay
  Sung by happy saints on high,
'Mid the beams of endless day,
  'Mid the glories of the sky!

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

BY J. DIXON.

"A tradition prevailed among the natives of Puerto Rico, that in the Island of Bimini, one of the Lucayos, there was a fountain of such wonderful virtue, as to renew the youth, and recall the vigor, of every one who bathed in its salutary waters. In hopes of finding this grand restorative, Ponce de Leon and his followers, ranged through the islands, searching with fruitless solicitude and labor, for this wonderful fountain." *Robertson's History of America.*

O! WHERE is that fountain of Youth!
To the far, green land, where its waters flow,
Ere our last hopes fade in the light of truth,
With a fainting heart we go:
We have toiled for the mines of yellow gold
Till our eyes are dim and our blood is cold.—
We have gained the glittering prize we sought,
But our wealth, at the price of life, is bought;—
The light of our youth, like a dream, is past,
And the shadow of death is over us cast;
In our hearts the magic of hope has died,
And what that can cheer us, is left beside?
The gold we have heaped can ne'er restore
The wealth of the soul—that richer ore—
And the light of youth, that has ceased to burn,
To our cheerless age, may not return.

O ! where is that fountain of Youth !
When our spirits were flushed by the glow of health,
From our childhood's home, we were urged away,
By the sordid lust of wealth.
We came from the castled hills of Spain,
From tented field and lady's bower,
In a slender bark o'er the heaving main,
To the land of sun and shower :—
We came—and the sparkling rivers roll'd,
In all their course, o'er a bed of gold,
And the earth gave up a richer spoil,
Than the wealth of kings, to our ceaseless toil,
But O ! for a single year, to recall
The flush of youth, we would give it all.

* * * * *

They left their treasures of gold, and sought
For that fountain of life, whose waters gave
The freshness of youth, to him who brought
His trembling limbs to its healing wave.
They roamed o'er mountain and desert plain,
For many a weary day, in vain,
Wherever a foaming stream might rush
O'er rock, or green hill-side,
Or hidden fountain gently gush,
Or noiseless river glide.
'Twas vain ! for the blessed fount of life
Whose waters to men are given,
Flows not in this world of sin and strife,
But only is found in Heaven !

And thus in the brightness of youth we seek
The thronging woes of later years,
Till care has blanched the blooming cheek,
And dimmed the eye with tears:
We dream not that the cloudless sun
That made our youthful pathway bright,
When hope's most brilliant prize is won,
Will lose its morning light.
We dream not that the power and wealth
For which we give our life,
Will not repay the wasted health.
The bitterness—the strife—
The agony, with which we earn
The splendors that the soul must spurn,
In that inevitable day,
When glory's hues shall fade away
And Gold's omnipotence shall be
A torturing, maddening mockery.

When the ebbing pulse and the gasping breath
Are weak and faint in the hour of death,
O! *then* could a fountain of Youth
In the desert of life, break forth,
Which could bring us back to that blessed hour,
When the gilded visions of hope had power
To cheer the gloom of this dreary earth,
How would we gladly—gladly fling
Our wealth away, in that hour of pain,
For a sight of that celestial spring,
Whose waters might make us young again!

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

"Blessed we sometimes are! and I am now
Happy in quiet feelings."

Willis.

Mark yonder scene! a cherub boy
With lisping shout and frolic glee,
Which well betoken childhood's joy—
Is climbing to his mother's knee.

And blended on that mother's face
Are all the charms which beauty lends;
And her's the form of seraph grace,
Which o'er the sculptor's slumber bends,

And smiles are o'er her beauty stealing,
Irradiate with the light of thought,
Unuttered tones, yet well revealing
The love with which her heart is fraught.

The roguish boy! his sportive hands
Have torn the roses from her hair,
And loosed her tresses from their bands
Upon a bosom snowy fair!

And she has only pressed a kiss
Of burning fervor on his brow!
As if she felt too much of bliss
To give one word of chiding now!

Oh, if thine heart be weighed with sadness,
Which makes the spirit pine to go,
Then gaze upon this scene of gladness,
And learn, that there *is* bliss below!

June, 1834. B.

TO CATHARINE.

BY REV. J. D. TYLER.

We laid thee in the softest spot,
That sorrowing love could choose,
Where gently blows the passing breeze,
Where fall the early dews,
Where brightest flowers of early spring,
In fragrant beauty bloom,
And droop their soft sweet heads, as if
In sorrow o'er thy tomb!
Yet dreary is the softest grave
Affection ever made—
And earthly flowers of brightest hue,
Will ever soonest fade.

But thou art gone where calmly blow
The pure sweet airs of heaven,—
Where round thy bright celestial brow
Immortal wreaths are woven—
For faith in that one name alone
That erring man can save,
Or give the prisoned soul release
And triumph o'er the grave,
Has clothed thy new-born soul in robes
Of righteousness and love,
And, like the Prophet's chariot-flame,
Has wafted thee above.

How sweet the blessed tones that steal
From o'er thy early grave!
How glad the ransomed voices breathe
To Him who died to save!
We will not weep that thou art dead,
Thou loved and lovely one!
We will not sorrow o'er the voice
That called thee to thy home!
We will not grieve that thou hast flown
From ills that met thee here,
To Him who healeth every pain,
And wipeth every tear!

SONNETS.

BY J. DIXON.

I.

MOONLIGHT IN JUNE.

Thou hast a gentle ministry, O! Moon!
  Riding in solemn silence through the sky,
  And gazing from thy trackless path on high
Upon the beauty of the leafy June:
On such a lovely night, I ween, as this,
Endymion felt thy pale lips' dewy kiss,
For far around on every plain and hill,
  In the soft gleaming of the silver ray,
Flower, tree and forest, breathless now and still,
  Rest from the burning brightness of the day;
Silence is over all. Yon murmuring rill
  Alone leaps gladly on its tireless way:
In thy soft rays how beautiful is night.
Like man's cloud covered path, by Woman's love
    made bright!

II.

TO A ROBIN.

Sweet bird! that hidden by the dark green leaves,
  Did'st pour thy pleasant song at break of day,
Making glad music 'round my flower wreathed
    eaves,

Why has thy gentle warbling died away ?
Come not the zephyrs from the sweet south-west,
As freshly to thy leaf-embosomed nest ?
Less fragrant are the flowers of Summer's prime,
Or pinest thou for thy far-off southern clime ?
Or is it that thy noisy young have flown,
Leaving their green home in the o'er shadowing tree,
That thus thou mournest, desolate and lone,
Where once thy song burst forth so loud and free?
Alas ! that summer's perfumed airs should bring
Sorrow to one like thee, so light of heart and wing !

III.

A RAMBLE IN THE WOODS.

The soft, sweet music of the forest birds,
The fragrance of wild flowers, the solemn hush
Of the dark woods, more eloquent than words,
The murmuring sound of summer streams, that rush
O'er flowers and bended grass, our souls beguile,
And tempt our wandering feet for many a mile.
Through the green leaves we look to yon deep sky—
Blue as the Ocean—stretching far around,
And feel our souls—to earth no longer bound—
Spreading their eagle wings to soar on high.
O ! in this perfect stillness, how the heart
Pants for that power, that is its better part;
And 'mid the teachings of these trees and flowers
Sighs o'er the memory of its wasted hours !

IV.

SUNSET AFTER A STORM.

Lo! where the mountains mingle with the sky,
A breaking light in all the glowing west!
And slowly now its lustre spreads on high,
As the veil'd sun sinks calmly to his rest:
The broken clouds are bathed in golden light,
That mingles sweetly with the sky's deep blue,
And as the twilight fades—from Heaven's far height
The first bright star of eve is shining through:
The low wind's voice falls gently on the ear,
And with it, to the lone and weary heart,
Comes a deep joy, that could it ne'er depart,
Might make us sigh to dwell forever here:
It may not be! E'en from such glorious skies,
O! who can tell how sad a morn may rise!

V.

MONTE VIDEO.

The wind blows cool around the mountain's brow,
And its shades there breathes a purer air;
Thrill'd by the glorious scene, our souls may share
A portion of its majesty. If thou
Would'st know the thoughts that sleep within thee,—go
To yonder mount;—there with the world below,
And the blue sky above thee, shall thy soul
Range forth, and wild, strange visions crowd
Upon thy brain, till the heart beats aloud,
And the far soaring spirit mocks control.

Gazing in rapture there—think if this height
Can stir thy senses with such deep delight,
What joy is theirs, who gaze with angel eyes
From Heaven's far heights, that gleam beyond the skies!

VI.

WILD FLOWERS.

WHERE in the wanton air the dark woods wave,
In every verdant plain—by rock and stream—
Where the swift waters in the sunshine gleam,
Or, sleeping in the shade, their green banks lave,
Bright flowers are blooming, and the zephyr's wing
Is laden with their fragrance. Come away
From the throng'd city's busy hum, and fling
The fetter from thy soul for one brief day.
The winds from these wild flowers to thee shall bear
Sweet odors, and their soft and delicate hues,
Bathed in a nightly shower of summer dews,
Shall fill thee with delight, and wandering there
A loftier hope—a nobler, prouder aim
Amid these sinless flowers, thy life shall claim.

VII.

AUTUMN.

THE skies of Autumn wear a deeper blue,
The moon and stars pour down a purer light;
And lo! the magic frost, in one brief night,
Hath robed the forest in a brighter hue.
Go where the mellow sunshine softly plays,

And there, by plain or hill-side, thou shalt hear
Sounds sweeter far than charmed thy listening ear,
When songs of birds beguiled the summer days:
—Sweet sounds, but sad—the low and murmuring wail
Of Autumn winds that sigh among the trees,
Telling, of Death, a wild and mournful tale,
And forcing solemn Thought on minds at ease.
Oh! if our hearts may thus be wiser made,
'T were well that leaves should fall and flowers should fade.

VIII.

BIRCHWOOD BOWER.

On the green summit of a gentle hill,
O'erhung with vines, there stands a verdant bower—
A lovely spot at the sweet sunset hour,
When skies are clear and Autumn winds are still.
The golden sun, the fleeting clouds, the sky,
From this fair bower, as bright and glorious seem
As when we see, in some bewildering dream,
The sky, the clouds, the sun of Italy.
Where is that heaven of darker, purer blue?—
Where is that happier clime, whose trees and flowers
May boast a deeper green—a gayer hue,
Than those we see in this sweet land of ours?
Gazing from such a spot—at such a time,
Well may our hearts believe earth has no fairer clime!

IX.

THE HARVEST MOON.

Mild were her beams, and light her graceful horn,
When first her slender crescent hung on high;
Now, like the breaking of another morn,
She bathes in silver light the eastern sky.
They say with hastening step, at set of sun,
She comes, the Autumn harvest home to light;
And when our woods, and hills, and streams have won
Her beaming eye, she lingers o'er the sight.
How doth her beauty sink upon the heart!—
Waking the thoughts we cannot breathe in words,
O'er which our saddened spirits brood apart,
And sigh to break their chains, and soar like birds.
Strange, that the beauty of her gentle beams
Should make us sad, as when we wake from pleasant dreams!

X.

A SUMMER DAY IN AUTUMN.

A warm, bright, sunny day, like one of those
That thrill'd our hearts when earth was gay with flow'rs,
And leaves were fresh in all the forest bowers!
The fragrant Summer lingers, ere she goes
From her green haunts beside the cooling brook,
With a sad beauty, like the last fond look

Of one we love. The melancholy sky,
The fading leaves, the withering grass, the dim
And hazy light, have, to the gazer's eye,
A mournful charm; and hark! the funeral hymn
Of the last summer-day is on the breeze,
Mocking the brightness of the tinted trees;
And gently o'er the earth, with dying swell,
The lingering zephyr sighs its last farewell!

XI.

THE BIRDS OF SUMMER.

From the deep stillness of the Autumn woods,
From rustling streams half choked with fallen leaves,
From leafless bowers, where gentle Summer weaves
Her vines and flowers no more, and sadness broods
O'er all around,—on sweeping wings they fly
To fairer climes beneath a milder sky:
Hush'd are the notes that filled, at break of day,
The forest shades, since these sweet birds have flown,
And now, instead, a sad and fitful tone,
Comes on the wintry breeze, and dies away.
Thus doth the music of our youth depart,
And comes no more to cheer the broken heart!
But Spring, with fragrant breath shall come again,
And birds, amid its flowers, shall pour a sweeter strain.

XII.

THE LAST DAYS OF AUTUMN.

The lingering summer wind has passed away,
The flowers that bloom beneath the Autumn skies,
With their bright hues no longer greet our eyes,
Tempting our feet o'er hill and plain to stray.
Where in deep woods, we sought the cooling breeze,
Dark were the shades, when all around was bright,
Now through the branches of the leafless trees,
The noonday sun pours in a flood of light.
The sounds and sights of Summer come no more,
To charm our thoughts away, and now we turn
Inward the soul upon itself, and learn
Of our own hearts, the dark and hidden lore,
And cease to mourn that Autumn's wither'd flowers
Are emblems of this fading life of ours!

XIII.

MIDNIGHT.

Voiceless as the dim visions of a dream,
Steals the frost-spirit through the wintry air,—
From leafless forest and from ice-bound stream,
No more the winds their gentle music bear.
The white clouds float in yonder cold blue sky,
Pure as the snow, that o'er the frozen plain
Glitters beneath the Moon, and bears no stain
Upon its vestal cheek!—Oh! if thine eye
Looks with delight, upon a nobler scene,
Than Autumn's tinted woods, or Summer's green,

Come forth at this still, solemn, midnight hour,
And read a lesson of eternal power,
And bow thy soul to Him whose tireless hand
Hung the proud arch on high, beneath whose light
we stand!

XIV.

A WINTER ROBIN.

Through Autumn's sunny days, one lonely bird
Lingered, in sadness, by its summer nest,
And now the wintry blasts, at midnight heard,
Ruffle the plumes that shield its downy breast.
Perhaps to that lone tree, its gentle mate
Fled from the fowler's aim,—to droop and die,
And fondly there the faithful bird doth wait,
Breasting the storms that through the valley fly.
Our doors it seeks, with warble faint and low,
And oft its foot-prints you may see at morn,
Press'd deeply in the light and yielding snow,
Where some kind hand its simple food hath borne;
And yet it trusts not man:—its trembling form
A mightier hand shall guard from wind and storm.

XV.

THE DEPARTED YEAR.

Midnight! The Year is fled. Turn back thine eye
Along thy path of life, and mark the way,
O'er which thy soul, with many a tear and sigh,
Hath reach'd the dying Year's departing day;—

Hopes blighted—love estranged, and friends grown cold,
The gorgeous dreams of youth in darkness lost—
These are the wrecks our sadden'd eyes behold
On life's dark sea, all wild and tempest-toss'd;
Or if thy way were deck'd with tree and flower,
And calm blue skies were brightly o'er thee spread,
'Twere well that solemn thought, at this lone hour,
Should whisper—know thy happiest year is fled!
Hark! on the breeze the lingering echoes swell:
Thy voice is hush'd! thou dying year—farewell!

XVI.

THE NEW YEAR.

With eyes that beam with joy, and radiant smiles,
We greet the coming of the new-born Year:
Our spirits still—forgetful of its wiles,
Undying Hope with magic light doth cheer.
What dreams are ours! The fragrant breath of spring,
The flowers of summer, and the autumn skies,
Before this opening year be past, shall bring
New bliss and beauty to our hearts and eyes;
Oh! tell us not, with sorrow's sickening blight
The phantom, Hope—shall mock our souls again,
Say not that trusting in its fitful light,
We dream of joy, and wake to bitter pain;
But render thanks to Heav'n, that flowers conceal
In all our way, the thorns that time may yet reveal.

XVII.

MORNING.

How doth the spirit turn, on such a morn,
From the vain turmoil and the bitter strife,
In which we waste the golden hours of life,
To gentler themes untinged by hate or scorn,—
To him whose heart by hope is not forsaken,
Sweetly and gladly comes the breath of spring;
And buried thoughts, that with its odors waken,
Come like forgotten dreams on memory's wing;
And e'en to saddest hearts, as on the ear
Melts the rich music of the first bird's song,
Departed hopes, too bright to linger here,
Return, "an undistinguishable throng."
Alas that every dream our hearts may cherish,
Is doomed, like Spring's first buds and flowers, to perish!

XVIII.

SPRING.

From the strong fetters of the wintry frost,
The streams exulting leap along their way,
And flowers whose gentle hues our eyes had lost,
By the blue river open to the day:
Life in its fairest forms is bursting forth
O'er forest plain and mountain;—nor alone
In the fresh beauties of the blooming earth,
Is the strange magic of the spring time shown,

We feel it in our breasts, and bear within,
A heart that leaps like the unfettered streams,
And from the light that smiles around, we win,
E'en in our darkest hours, some transient gleams,
To cheer us on that way, so dark and lone,
Along whose desert sands, some scattered flowers are strown.

XIX.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

From budding flowers, and trees that on the air
Shed odors sweeter than Elysian gales,
There comes a voice, forbidding to despair,
When every hope that cheered our spirit fails.
If in thy madness thou hast dreamed of bliss,
And wept to see the blessed hope depart,
Go forth alone at such an hour as this,
And let these Zephyrs soothe thy wounded heart:
To the dim eye shall come a beaming light,
To the pale cheek a fresh and radiant bloom,
And strength be thine in sorrow's deepest night,
To bear, with manly soul, the darkest doom;
For in these opening buds we see the power,
That to the winter of the heart sends many a sunny hour.

XX.

THE CITY AND THE COUNTRY.

The voice of singing birds—the fragrant kiss
Of the flower scented breezes—sun and sky,
Wild flowers that blossom in the wilderness,
And wither there unseen by human eye—

How do our fettered spirits sigh for these,
  Prison'd within a city's naked walls,
Where to the brow may come no forest breeze,
  And on the ear no forest music falls—
Turn wheresoe'er we may, our eyes behold
  The wan, pale cheeks of sad and care worn men,
No leaf is green—no blooming flowers unfold,
  Like those whose hues are bright in vale and glen;
Yet may one sight glad dreams of these recall—
The blue and blessed sky that bendeth over all.

XXI.

MAY.

Month of my heart!—in beauty and in bloom,
  With blossoming trees, mild sunny skies, and soft
Sweet southern breezes laden with perfume,
  Thy happy hours steal on, and wandering oft
    With a full heart that sighs in vain to fling
    Like a chained bird, the fetter from its wing,
Beside thy rushing streams, I seem to tread
  A purer soil than Tempe's flowery vales,
A sky more blue bends brightly o'er my head,
  More fresh thy dewy flowers—more soft thy gales,
    —More sweet the music floating on thy air,
    The purple flush of morn and eve, more fair,
Than when we droop beneath a summer sun,
And pant for these sweet streams that through thy valleys run.

XXII.

CONNECTICUT RIVER.

Wandering 'mid flowery banks, or loud and hoarse,
  Foaming o'er rock and crag, all wild and free,
From the deep woods that hide thy shaded source,
  To where thy waters mingle with the sea,
    Beautiful River! like a dream of love
    Thy deep waves glide—blue as the sky above.
Bright are the happy homes along thy shores,
  Shaded by drooping elms that kiss thy wave;
And grassy banks that bloom with gay wild flowers,
  Thy calm and murmuring waters gently lave;
    And warbling birds with music sweet as thine,
    Sing in the branches of the o'er-hanging vine—
A song whose notes are with us evermore,
Stealing our hearts away to wander by thy shore.

STANZAS.

BY REV. J. D. TYLER.

"I am a stranger in the earth."—Psalm cxix. 19.

And thus it is—from spot to spot,
Our weary footsteps go,
By few beloved, by more forgot,
And homeless here below.

No spot so calm, no scene so sweet,
That we may linger there—
Our stay is brief, our pleasures fleet,
For we are strangers here.

The friends that aid our toilsome way,
And cheer its deepening gloom,
Too bright for earth, pass day by day,
Before us to the tomb.

While robbed of rest, condemned to rove,
We tread life's weary path,
We raise our longing eyes above,
As "strangers in the earth."

By ills beset, by dangers prest,
By fearful tempests driven,
Our cheering hope is promised rest,
A home prepared in heaven!

SONNET.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

THINK not, oh gentle lady, that I grieve,
That we should ever in this world have met;
For of the past Fate never can bereave—
And Memory culls unfaded roses yet
In the sweet garden where Affection grew.
Time never can restore our Eden hours,
Nor the lost happiness of love renew;
For me a sword flames o'er those sunny bowers,
And a stern angel beckons me away:—
Yet where, deserted and alone, I stray
On the rough paths of life, afar from thee,
Some fragrant airs come wafted from the skies,
Some lovely glimpses of the land I see,
Which to my trusting heart appeared a Paradise!

New York, October 30.

POOL OF BETHESDA.

The Savior saw the summer sun o'er Cana's heights decline,
Where at the marriage feast he turned the water into wine:
And dark the shades of night came down upon the eastern sea,
Which rolls its blue and sounding waves in ancient Galilee.

On to Jerusalem he came—nor paused the leagues to count—
Through Bethany and green Bethpage, over the Olive Mount;
And entering by the eastern gate his weary way he kept,
To where Bethesda's healing pool beneath the sunshine slept.

Around its brink in sad array affliction's sons were laid,
On whom were poured the heavy ills no human power could aid.
There waited they, till o'er the wave an angel's wing should move:
And he who first might wash therein its healing gift would prove.

There was the blind, whose life had been one train
of darkened hours,
Who never saw the cheering sun, or the fresh-
springing flowers:
Though voices sweet and bounding steps came round
his pathway dim,
No smile of friend, nor look of love, could give their
light to him.

There were the feeble and the maimed, the withered
and the lame,
Yet with a child-like trustfulness to the blue wave
they came;
And Hope, whose star had almost set upon their
clouded night,
Now plumed her worn and weary wings, and waved
her banner bright.

Fair was the sabbath morn which smiled upon the
gathering throng,
But one was there with sandal soiled by journey
faint and long,
Who could not pass the suffering by, or pity's meed
refuse,
And round in idle wonder stood the unbelieving
Jews.

In the green summer of his days more helpless than
a child,
Was one to whom the Savior turned with voice and
aspect mild.
"Thou hast seen many saddened years of weariness
and pain;
Wouldst thou rejoice in strength restored? wouldst
thou be whole again?"

"Would the wrecked mariner be glad a saving sail
to see?
Or the bond-slave refuse the aid which bids him
wander free?
But oh! all vainly do I hope the healing wave to
win,
Ere I can move my helpless limbs another steps
therein."

"No longer shall a powerless frame join with a
soaring soul
To war against thy happiness—arise and be thou
whole!"
And many doubting eyes looked on the wondrous
cure to see,
As forth amid the crowd he walked with step and
action free.

Trust we in Him—unlike the Jews who would not
faith be taught,
E'en by the many miracles the blessed Jesus
wrought—
And come to him, with all our woes, who healing
can impart,
E'en for the deepest, worst disease—the sickness of
the heart.

THE LAND.

BY G. M. SNOW.

1.

Oh give me to tread the steadfast earth,
With a firm step bold and free;
For surely a rood of land is worth
More than an acre of sea:
The pleasure that lies in the deep, deep sea,
It lieth too deep for me.

2.

The tiller I leave where the fierce winds blow,
And I'll be a tiller of ground;
The only bark that I wish to know,
Is the bark of my faithful hound:
For the pleasure that lies in the deep, deep sea,
It lieth too deep for me.

3.

A summer-day's cruise 'neath a squalless sky
Is doubtless a right merry thing:
As swiftly past cape and headland we fly
On our sea gull's snowy wing:
Yet the pleasure that lies in the deep, deep sea,
It lieth too deep for me.

4.

Though to woo the sea may be full of bliss,
  Whilst her voice is sweet and low—
Yet her wavelet lips seem meeting your kiss,
  When you reel to the might of a blow.
Oh! the pleasure that lies in the deep, deep sea,
It lieth too deep for me.

5.

Then the night-cap'd waves grow wild in their glee,
  And the wooer grows queerish and pale,
And the tribute he offers his mistress, the sea,
  It seemeth of little avail:
Oh! the pleasure that lies in the deep, deep sea,
It lieth too deep for me.

6.

The perfumed earth for a bride *I* take,
  And our nuptial couch of flowers
Shall be placed by the brink of some reedy lake,
  Where Nature rules the Hours:
For the pleasure that lies in the deep, deep sea,
It lieth too deep for me.

7.

There the music tones of each brooklet and bird,
  And the wind through the old woods sweeping,
In our leafy home shall alone be heard
  While our tryst we are fondly keeping:
Oh! the pleasure that lies in the deep, deep sea,
It lieth too deep for me.

8.

Oh give me to tread the steadfast earth,
With a firm step bold and free;
For surely a rood of land is worth
More than an acre of sea:
The pleasure that lies in the deep, deep sea,
It lieth too deep for me.

CLARENCE DE COUCY.

BY JOHN T. WAIT.

"In winter's tedious night, sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages long ago betid;
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their grief,
Tell them the lamentable fall of me."

Richard II.

It was midnight,—and the brazen cressets, which swung from the lofty ceiling of the castle chamber, threw a glaring light upon its dark oaken wainscot and ancient massive furniture. Heavily set in richly gilded frames, and hanging on one side of the room, were the portraits of the former Marquises De Coucy, who in centuries past had been the firmest pillars of the throne of France; many of whom had swayed her councils, and many fought and fallen on her battle-fields. There was Black John, who had gained a name on the plains of Palestine; and near to him were Hugh the Dauntless, and Robert the Bold, who had shed their blood—the former at Cressy and the latter at Agincourt. From the opposite side of the room, looked down the Marchionesses, whose strange, antique attire, told that many generations had passed away since they had graced with their presence the castle hall.

The carved panel-work, the rich tapestry, the colored ceiling, and the dark floor, all spoke of the fashion of a former day—a fashion in which the last century had made no change.

In one corner of the room stood a huge, bier-like bed. From its four posts rose a canopy so lofty that it touched the ceiling; and from the sides of the canopy hung black curtains of silken velvet, elaborately embroidered, and so long that they swept the floor. On the bed lay a man whose furrowed brow, silver hair, and flowing beard, gave token that he had seen many years. His wasted and bended form was wrapped in a robe of crimson silk. On his head he wore a crimson turban; and around his brow was bound a black fillet, on which were oriental characters wrought in gold. His face was deadly pale; and his quivering lip and faint breathing told that he was approaching the close of life. His features were singular, and had been beautiful; and his eye, though sunken, still beamed with the vivacity and brilliancy of youth. At the foot of the bed were gathered his favorite domestics; while the hoary butler, bearing at his girdle the keys of office, knelt by the side, and proffered a goblet of wine to his dying lord.

In the recess of one of the high and narrow windows, that looked out upon the park and the circular road that wound through it to the castle, stood an attendant, apparently watching the approach of some expected friend. As the bell of the castle rung the hour of twelve, the Marquis spoke,—and his voice, though low and tremulous, had a musical softness in its tone:

"What can delay Clarence? My messenger could not have reached him, or he would be here. My word, like the prayer of the holy man, would have broken the spell of the sorceress. He would have left the Venetian maid, fair and fascinating as she is, even were he standing with her at the altar, had my summons reached him there. He is too true a De Coucy not to know the influence my dying blessing or dying ban would have upon his future happiness."

"He is coming!" shouted the watcher; "I see his form distinctly in the moonlight, and he is riding rapidly toward the castle."

In a few moments, the drawbridge fell heavily across the moat—the bolts rattled in their wards—the castle gates creaked on their rusty hinges—and the hoofs of the rider's steed rang on the pavement of the court. In a moment more, a light, quick step, was heard crossing the hall and ascending the stairs. The door opened, and in rushed the expected Clarence. He was a tall, finely proportioned man, with the same black piercing eye that distinguished the elder De Coucy. Judging from his countenance, he might have seen five-and-twenty summers. Throwing from him his heavy riding cloak and plumed cap, he hastened to the embrace of his father, and inquired in tones of the fondest affection of his welfare.

The Marquis gave a signal to his attendants, who withdrew, and the father and son were alone. Slowly the dying man raised himself in his bed, and then gazed long and steadfastly upon the face of his son before he spoke:

"Yes, thou hast the faultless form, the broad and noble brow, the chiseled lip and the auburn locks of thy mother; but thine eye is the eye of a De Coucy." And for a few moments he again gazed in silence upon the youth.

"My days are numbered, Clarence. The grim messenger has come to bid me leave the earth, on which I have looked and trod for fourscore years, and go to that land, our only knowledge of which we gain from the philosopher's theory and the poet's dream. I welcome the grave, with its solemn stillness and unbroken quiet, where I can repose after my long, unvaried, and weary pilgrimage. You, Clarence, are young, and happy, and buoyant with hope; and in advancing along the path of life, you look upon the bright surface of the flowers that spring up before you, and mark not the deadly serpent that lurks at their roots. But a few years, and the treachery of friendship, the sting of ingratitude, and the faithlessness of love, will teach you the heartlessness and sordid selfishness of the world. I dread not the change I am about to undergo, for I have nought of happiness to lose. Sickly and deformed, I have been for years the sport and mockery of men. Life, therefore, instead of being a source of happiness, has become to me a curse. I withdrew myself at an early age, from the scrutiny and sneer of men, and passed the long day and the silent night at the fire of the laboratory or over the writings of the sage. I wasted the vigor of life in vain and unprofitable study—in striving to penetrate the secrets of nature, and to learn the mysteries of the occult sciences. I inquired with the as-

trologer what caused the mysterious movement of the sun, moon, and stars; and sought to learn their hidden influence over the destinies of men. I watched with the naturalist the budding, the growth, and the decay of the plant. Though unconnected with men in action, I was linked to them in thought. From history I endeavored to obtain a knowledge of their characters, and to learn the hidden motives that influenced their conduct. I have even strove to gain from Death its secret; and watched by the bedside of the dying when they writhed in agony beneath the grasp of an unseen power—when the blood curdled in the vein, and the death-chill crept upward from the icy limbs to the breast, where the heart beat fainter and fainter, and the eye became clouded and glazed, and the mind reeled from its throne. But I learned nothing: 'They died and left no sign.' And bitter experience has taught me, like Faustus, to find nothing in the little knowledge I possess but its inutility. But you, my child, are young, and comely, and vigorous. The lettered scroll and the crucible are not for you. The sword must carve out a high career for you among your fellow men. I have much to say to you, Clarence, and but a brief time to say it in. Report has reached me that you are betrothed to a woman of obscure birth at Venice. Is it true?"

"I am, indeed, father; and Agnes is beautiful"—

"Beautiful! but would you disgrace the name which you have received unspotted and unstained through a long line of noble and gallant ancestors? The brave knights and haughty dames that sur-

round you would start from their frames, were you to bring into these halls a plebian stranger."

"But I have plighted my faith to her. I have sworn"—

"What care I for your silly oaths? Better be broken than that, by so shameful an alliance, you should contaminate the blood of the De Coucys. Better that you should descend childless to the grave, and be buried in your armor and with your sword, the last of your line. But I have selected you a bride becoming your rank—one of a race as ancient and noble as your own. Anna St. Clair you must wed"—

"But Agnes, father"—

"You will wed her, for she is beautiful—her eye is more piercing than the falcon's—her hair is glossier than the raven's wing—her step more stately than the antelope's"—

"But Agnes, father"—

"Her kindred—her jewels and her gold—her broad domains—shall gain rank, and power, and wealth for you"—

"But Agnes, father!"

"Would you have me rest quiet in my grave? Are you proud of your ancestral honors? Do you value my blessing?"

"I do—I do; but must I leave"—

"Yes, for ever leave her and forget her, as she has already doubtless forgotten you. Like her nation, she is as fickle as the changing wind. Her vows were made but to be broken. Swear to me now that you will wed Anna St. Clair: if you love me, swear!"

On his knees, by the bedside, the youth swore to obey his wishes, and called Heaven to witness the sincerity of his oath. The dying father raised his withered and trembling hands, and, in the language of the strongest affection, blessed his child. He strove to say something more, but his voice became choked and inaudible, and he sank back upon his pillow. Clarence called in the ancient butler, and they endeavored to resuscitate him, but in vain. The dull film gathered on his eye, and the last coldness upon his limbs, and in a few moments he ceased to breathe.

Although the Marquis De Coucy had gained, by his retired life, his peculiar studies, and his eccentricities, the reputation of being on rather too intimate terms with a nameless, black-coated gentleman, to be a good Christian; yet money easily obtained (and what will it not?) the prayers and intercessions of the church. He was laid in state in his castle hall, and the consecrated tapers were placed at his head and at his feet. He was buried in consecrated ground, and with Christian rites. The holy water was sprinkled on him—the holy psalm sung over him—the holy prayer said at his grave—and the bell of the neighboring monastery tolled his knell.

I will now wield the story-teller's wand, and conjure a different scene before the kind reader who has vouchsafed to peruse my tale:

It was the close of one of those delightful days of summer, so peculiar to the 'garden of Europe'—bright Italy. The daylight was fast fading away,—

and the moon, full-orbed and 'beaming silver bright,' shed its rich and softening beams on the lofty palaces of Venice and the dark blue waves of the Adriatic. The song of the gondolier, the peal of music, and the hum of the dense and restless multitude that thronged the streets, rose often upon the still and balmy air. In a retired section of the city, where were situated the residences of the less wealthy part of the populace, dwelt Alberto Corenni, a respectable merchant. Picture to yourself a small chamber in the back part of his dwelling. The walls were decorated with several sketches whose delicacy of outline and coloring told that they were the work of a female hand. In one corner of the room stood a harp, which bore evidence to the musical talent possessed by the inhabitant. On a small circular table that graced the centre of the room, were several vases of rare flowers, whose bright hues and fragrant odors amply repaid the time and care required for their cultivation. The window, which reached the ground, opened into a verandah, around the slender pillars of which clung the fragrant honey-suckle and clustering jessamine. Beyond was a small garden, filled with flowering plants and blossoming shrubs, redolent of perfume; and in its centre was a circular grass plat, green enough to woo the nightly dances of Titania and the fairies.

On a sofa, placed near one of the windows, sat a young and exquisitely beautiful female. Her cheek, in which the lily and the rose were blended, rested on her hand as she gazed out into the garden. Her dark and glossy hair hung in curling ringlets down

a neck whiter than ivory. Her dress was of that light and airy fashion worn by the Venetian ladies at that period. Her foot, which pressed a cushioned stool, was cased in a slipper so exceedingly small that it might have pinched the toes of Cinderella herself. Her meditations (young ladies at times *do* meditate,) were broken by a quick step along the passage that led to her apartment, and by the entrance of a young man, whose knightly dress and lofty bearing told that he was of patrician rank. His figure was tall and elegantly proportioned; his features were regular and intellectual; and his eye was particularly striking, it was so large, and black, and piercing. He seated himself by the fair Venetian, and, grasping her hand, he gazed for some moments, ere he spoke, upon her rare and dream-like beauty.

"I have come, dear Agnes, to tell you that necessity compels me to leave you for a time. A messenger has arrived from my father, summoning me home. Disease has wasted his strength—years press heavily upon him—and he feels as if his stay on earth was short."

"You are going to leave me, Clarence?"

"But for a few months, dearest! That duty which I owe, and that love which I bear to my father, bid me hasten to him. And I have been long, very long from home, too. Worlds would not tempt me to be away from him in his last hours. There is a dark prophecy about the De Coucy that receives not the dying blessing of his father."

"I shall never see you again!"

"Agnes! Agnes! think not so."

"Your kindred and friends will oppose your union with me—poor and unknown as I am."

"What care I for friends and kinsmen? What care I, think you, for rank and gold?"

"You will see many of the high-born dames of your native land, and you yourself will forget me."

"Never! never! your suspicions are cruel—are unjust."

"I had a dream last night, De Coucy—a wild, strange dream. I thought I was in your own sunny France,—and before me rose your own dark castle, such as you have described it to me, with its lofty battlements, its moat and massive walls. And as I looked, the gates opened, and the drawbridge fell; and a gay cavalcade of knights and ladies rode out. And you were one,—and by your side, mounted on a milk-white palfrey, was a lady dressed in her bridal robes. And your retainers followed in their gala dresses. And I heard the bells of the old monastery, you have so often mentioned, ring out merry peals. The scene changed: You stood by an altar in a chapel; the lady in the bridal dress stood there too; and the aged priest raised his hands to bless you. I stepped in between you and your bride; I heard a shriek, and then all was confused and indistinct. The scene changed again: I stood, as before, near your castle walls,—and another procession came out from the gates; not a pageant, as before, but a sad and solemn train. There came a hearse, with its dark pall and black plumes; and your retainers followed, two and two, in mourning, and with downcast looks; and they wound their way to the tomb of your ancestors; and ere they had

lowered the coffin into the damp vault, I approached, and looked, and—it was yours! Then I shrieked, and woke."

"Trust me, Agnes, on the honor of a knight: ay, I will bind myself by an oath, too, dark and solemn as your dream. Bring me a lance, and a cup of wine."

The lovers wounded themselves in the left arm, and mingled their blood in the sparkling liquor. Kneeling before her, with his hand on a crucifix, Clarence swore to be hers—to be hers only, and forever; and if he violated his oath, he prayed that he might be accursed—that infamy might blacken his name, and that he, stripped of his honors and his wealth, might descend childless to the grave: then lifted and drained the cup. Rising from his keeling posture, De Coucy approached his betrothed. He threw his arms around her, and drew her trembling and shrinking form nearer and nearer to his breast. He imprinted a long and burning kiss upon her coral lips, and then rushed from the room.

Agnes remained for a moment fixed and motionless as a statue. As the fall of her lover's footsteps grew fainter and fainter, the deadening sense of drear and utter loneliness came over her, and she sank upon the sofa and wept.

The retainers of the old Marquis De Coucy mourned his death for three whole weeks,—and, like dutiful vassals, attempted to drown their grief in bumpers of Burgundy. At the end of that period, the butler closed the doors of the wine-vaults,

and thus put a stop to this singular as well as somewhat expensive mode of lamentation.

The aged crones in the neighborhood, who had not reaped the "benefit of his dying," coupled the name of the late Marquis with wizzard and necromancer. Had they been permitted to get drunk on Clarence's liquors, they would doubtless have extolled his father as a pattern of godliness and the personification of every virtue; for wine is said to have a wonderful effect in softening the heart, and rendering even ancient ladies both amiable and charitable. Often in the long winter evenings, when the peasants were gathered around their cottage fires, and the chill wind howled desolately through the adjoining forest trees, these weird dames would tell wild tales of strange lights that gleamed at midnight from the dead man's room, and ugly forms that held their orgies at his grave. But the monks, who had said prayers for his soul, declared that the old Marquis slept quietly in his coffin, and that the moon shone as brightly on his marble slab as if there reposed beneath it a holy friar or a sinless saint.

Clarence mourned long and deeply for his father; but time gradually healed his wounded spirit. His "inconsolable grief" first changed to a deep melancholy, then to a sober sadness, and at last settled down into an affectionate remembrance. His thoughts at first turned often on Agnes, and her image rose up before him in his dreams. But he remembered the last words of his father, and strove to forget her. Time hung heavy on his hands. He had wandered, till weary, through the long cor-

ridors and echoing halls of his castle. The uncouth pictures of his ancestors, and the strange garniture of the rooms, and the mystic instruments and lettered parchments of his father, soon lost that charm of novelty which a long residence from home had at first attached to them. He had rode, and hunted, and fished, until riding, and hunting and fishing, became stale. As a last resource against *ennui*, he determined upon visiting Anna St. Clair.

"Women are fickle." So are men. And Clarence De Coucy, who but six months before had so solemnly sworn to love and cherish Agnes Corennie, and then fancied that he could hardly separate himself from her to close the eyes of his dying sire, now remembered her only as a beautiful vision that had appeared to make glad one portion of his path through life. He showed but little knowledge of Woman, when he thought that her love for him was a feeling of the hour. When the report of his being betrothed to a lady in France reached her ear, and the rumor became confirmed by his unbroken silence, the intense love which had so long held possession of her heart, gave place to a feeling of revenge—burning, deep-rooted, and implacable.

"This is rather a strange way, to pledge oneself to marry a lady whom one never saw, and may not fancy," said the Marquis to himself, as he rode leisurely along towards the chateau of St. Clair. "It takes two also to make a bargain, and how do I know but she may dislike me? Then she may be a perfect Witch of Endor in person—hump-backed—lame—cross-eyed—and what is worse, cross-tem-

pered. I had as lief marry the Devil as a cross woman. If I recollect rightly, however, my father said she was beautiful: so are leopards beautiful, but they bite and tear. I wish I were informed about her disposition. And Agnes too"—and the young Marquis drew a deep sigh, for he had not forgotten the surpassing loveliness of her person, and the sweetness of her temper.

The building soon appeared in sight, with its extensive lawn and broad pleasure grounds, that spoke loudly of the luxurious taste and ample wealth of the owner. Riding up the long gravel-walk, shaded with giant elms, he reached and alighted at the steps. One of the servants in attendance took the bridle of his horse, while another waited upon him to the hall, where he was met and welcomed by the owner. In a moment more he was ushered into the drawing-room and presented to the Marchioness and her daughter.

"Heavens! what an angel!" mentally ejaculated Clarence, as he gazed upon the latter. Anna St. Clair was strikingly beautiful. Her form was exquisitely moulded, and of fairy lightness. Her hair was auburn; and as she sat near the window, the bright sunlight fell upon it, and every curl seemed edged with gold. Her eyes were large, soft, and hazel: and the effect upon De Coucy in one short hour must have been potent, for ere that time had elapsed, he had made certain comparisons between her and Agnes, which the latter would have resented as rather disparaging. When he rose to leave, the Marquis St. Clair reproached him gently for having passed so long a time in the vicinity

without crossing his threshold; and the eye of Anna spoke so plainly "*do come again*," that he promised to visit them often in future—a promise, by the by, which he most religiously kept.

It is an old and true saying, that "love-making is a thing to hear and not to tell." We will therefore not dwell on the courtship, but hasten to the denouement. The preliminaries had been settled in due form, and the day for the wedding was at hand. A brilliant party had assembled on the evening previous, at the chateau of the bride's father. The halls of the building rung with the loud laugh, the gay song, and the notes of merry music; and the oaken floors shook beneath the feet of the dancers. The dresses of the ladies were magnificent, and so covered with diamonds that the light of the waxen tapers were reflected a thousand fold. When the hour for supper had arrived, the young Marquis with his youthful bride led the way to the banquet hall. The guests had scarcely seated themselves, and the covers of the dishes been removed, when the door opened, and a youthful Knight entered the room. The drops of dew, which sparkled on the edges of the snow-white plumes that waved in his riding cap and dimmed the golden clasp of his scarlet mantle, showed that he had passed the evening under the open skies. His face was concealed beneath a mask, but his form bore evidence to his youth. He appeared to be a stranger to all present. The old Marquis supposed it must be an emissary from Court, come to watch the words of the guests. Clarence conjectured that it was some intimate friend of his own, who, having come suddenly into

the neighborhood, had, for a jest, resolved to make one at the wedding, without being known. The stranger immediately seated himself at the table directly opposite the groom and bride, and kept his eyes fixed constantly upon them. To the surprise of those in the vicinity, he neither tasted of food or wine. His presence and strange conduct drew the attention of all, and soon dampened the spirit of conviviality that had previously reigned. The guests retired at an early hour, and last of all went the masked Knight, who, mounting a fleet horse, rode rapidly away.

The morning broke auspiciously for the bridal. Not a cloud hung in the broad blue sky. At an early hour the gay pageant issued from the gates of De Coucy Castle, and the old drawbridge shook beneath the trampling of the horses. There were gallant knights in gilded armor, and gay ladies sparkling in jewels. And then came the bride on a milk-white palfrey ; and by her side rode the happy Clarence ; and his retainers followed in an almost endless train. The bells of the monastery chimed merrily, and the brazen horns rung loud and clear. As they gained the road that led to the church, the stranger guest, who had interrupted the banquet of the previous evening, again made his appearance, riding along on his coal-black steed, and his white plumes waving in the morning breeze. Onward he came, and dashing by the cavalcade, he alighted at the chapel door and walked up the head of the aisle. The bridal party soon arrived.

The Marquis De Coucy and his lovely bride stood by the altar, and their friends were gathered around

and the aged priest was there to perform the ceremony. The services commenced, and the priest asked the Marquis St. Clair if he consented to the union? Ere he could reply, the stranger spoke aloud "I do not"—and stepping rapidly through the crowd, he placed himself between Clarence and his bride.

"Who and what are you," demanded De Coucy, "that dares thus to intrude here?"

Throwing aside his cap and tearing off his mask, the Knight exhibited the beautiful features of Agnes Corennie. Her long black hair was thrown back from her marble brow, and her dark speaking eye gleamed with an expression of the fiercest malignity.

"You know her now. And do you remember my dream, Clarence? It was a dark and fearful one, but strictly shall it be fulfilled."

Approaching nearer and nearer to the trembling groom, she suddenly drew a dagger from beneath her riding dress and stabbed him to the heart. Ere her arm could be arrested, she had drawn the weapon from the wound and sheathing it in her breast, fell a corpse.

"Raise me, that I may once more see the golden sun, and look again upon the green earth."

The attendants slowly raised the emaciated form of Anna St. Clair, and placed her by the open window. Her eye had lost its youthful brilliancy, and her cheek was pale and sunken. * * * * In a little week, and the grave closed over the virgin bride.

Beneath the ancient oak, that stood in a retired corner of the village burial place, slept the Venetian maid.

And they shrouded the corse of Clarence De Coucy in his knightly armor, and palled his coffin with his ancestral banner; and with the solemn rites and imposing ceremony of the Roman Church, they laid him in the vault of his lofty line—the last of his race and name.

THE LOVERS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The watch-light of the lovers stream'd
Forth from their lattice high,
As lost in deep discourse they sate,
While summer-winds went by;
The ban-dog howl'd, the clouds did lower,
Winds shook the willow's stem,
The clock toll'd out the midnight hour—
What were such sounds to them?

Oh, steal not on their tranced speech,
Of smile and murmur'd sigh;
Shake not the dew-drop from the rose,
Dim not the opal's die;
For life hath many a path of thorn
To wound the feet that rove,
But yet! no sunnier spot than this—
Break not the trance of love.

SONG OF THE SYBIL.

BY C. W. EVEREST.

In olden time, when Greece had lost her sway,
And Rome was peerless mistress of the world—
In a lone spot, in fair Italia's clime,
Upon a beetling cliff's projecting point,
That high o'erhung a slumbering vale beneath,
A Sybil sat! Wan grief had marked her brow,
And Care had left his lengthened furrows deep;
Disheveled was her hair, and her light robe,
In careless fold, her shrinking form concealed;
Her eye was restless, and her wasted hand
Swept wildly o'er a lyre, beside her placed,
And thus she sung:

'Life! 'tis a cheat!
For fair is the light of its morning skies,
And bright are the hues of his varying dyes;
But its splendor is fleet;
And the promising glory too speedily flies—
Life! 'tis a cheat!

'Hope! thou art vain!
For fond is thy promise in young life's hour,
And joyous thy song in its sun-lit bower;
But sorrow and pain
Soon sway the lorn heart with resistless power—
Hope! thou art vain!

'Love! what art thou?
Though ardent awhile thy consuming flame,
And thy maddening frenzy none can tame—
Yet the altered brow,
And the eye, and the mien, do all proclaim,
Love! what art thou!

'Friendship deceives!
For sweet is its flattering vow of esteem,
To the youthful heart, as the joys of a dream;
And while it believes,
And the promising pleasures realities seem,
Friendship deceives!

'Death! thou art blest!
For thou freest the soul from its shackles of blight,
And the shades of the good, clad in garments of light,
Do joyfully rest,
Or rove the elysian fields of delight—
Death! thou art blest!'

STANZAS.

"Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers." Isaiah.

WHERE are those chambers of their rest?
Oh, Seer! why didst thou not unfold?
And why to thy prophetic breast
Was not this yearning secret told?

To what lone spot do we repair,
In earth beneath, or heaven afar,—
And what pursuits employ us there,
While waiting for the judgment bar?

Say, does the shivering spirit haste,
Leaving its lone, forgotten clay,
To seek amid the starry waste
Some bright oasis for its stay?

Grows greener there the sylvan bower,
Than what we leave behind on earth?
Smiles sweeter there the rosy flower—
No winds to blight its tender birth?

Doth brighter gold or deeper blue
Invest that pale and cloudless sky?
Their glassy waves more lovely too
Than those now sparkling in mine eye?

And, wandering through the twilight glens,
  Doth love again its idol know—
And purer ties unite the friends
  That walked in fellowship below?

What minstrels, from the courts of day,
  To that abode shall bring their lyres,
And soothe our boding fears away,
  With music from their golden wires?

Do rays from off the distant Throne
  Light up the amethystine air—
And glimpses of the City, shown,
  Beguile our weary waiting there?

Do ever roaming winds betray
  Where Vengeance holds her foes entombed?
And clouds rise dun upon the day
  From out the chasms of the doomed?

"Where those parted spirits slumber,
  Restless mortal, ask no more;
For soon thy shade shall join their number,
  Tenant of that dusky shore!"

Ex——R,

DAY DREAMING.

BY MARY ANN DODD.

How do the memories we love,
  Come like a fairy spell,
When far away—the banished heart
  Will on home-tokens dwell.

One smooth, bright curl of auburn hair,
  Doth round my finger twine,
And then I see the fair brow, where
  Its sister tresses shine.

I muse—and in my waking dream,
  Swiftly sweet visions come;
And fancy leads me gently back
  To thee, mine own green home.

The summer rose is blooming now,
  Throwing its fragrance wide;
Again I breathe the mountain air,
  And Thou art by my side:

Thou! whose dear presence from my thoughts
  Can every care beguile,
With thy sweet words of innocence
  And ever sunny smile.

Once more those blue, mirth-loving eyes,
  Upon my pathway shine,
And as I view each well-known spot,
  Thy bright glance follows mine.

We stray in quiet converse, where
The sun-lit waters glance,
Or read beneath the elm tree's shade
Some tale of old romance.

I see thy heart's deep tenderness
Told in its mirror fair,
As every thought the poet loves,
Finds its own echo there.

And when the twilight shadows fall
Forbidding far to roam,
That voice of wave-like melody
Is singing "home! sweet home!"

'Tis gone!—and I am left alone—
Faded the vision fair!
My clasping fingers only hold
The lock of satin hair.

While others doat on gems of price,
One treasured tress is mine;
And many a dear day-dream I owe
To this bright curl of thine.

A CHILD AT PRAYER.

BY REV. R. TURNBULL.

Behold a scene of love,
And holiness sublime,
To lift the soul above
This narrow earthly clime;
A lovely, little child at prayer,
Her parents standing by,
Gazing upon their infant fair
With deep delighted eye:
A holy halo fills the place,
A light divine, a heavenly grace!

Her face's radiant glow,
Her dark and pensive eye,
Her alabaster brow,
On which dark ringlets lie,
Her little hands upturned to heaven,
Her body gently bent;—
All mingling, like the hues of even
With mellow sunbeams blent,—
Give to the scene a magic glow
Which none but happy spirits know.

This is a sight to wake
Of past delight the dreams,
Like music on the lake,
Or dying sunny gleams;

To raise the sigh for beauty flown
Which time can ne'er restore,
To draw the tear for gladness gone
For music heard no more;
And conjure up a vision grand
Of beautiful, but vanished land!

This, too, should rouse our faith,
And bear the soul away,
Above the shadowy earth
To climes of cloudless day;
For this is heaven begun in time,
A prelude of that bliss,
Which matchless, endless, and sublime,
No tongue can e'er express,—
A glory from the world above,
A sunbeam of eternal love!

O, well may angels gaze,
Upon the lovely sight,
And well to heaven may raise
The song of deep delight;
For richer incense never rose
From Eastern shrines to God,
And lovelier scene did ne'er repose
In Judah's bright abode:
O 'tis a gleam of glory given
To point the raptured soul to Heaven!

MARY STUART.

THE DAY BEFORE HER EXECUTION.

BY G. M. SNOW.

No jewelled diadem is gleaming
On my regal brow;
Yet my air of queenly seeming,
I wear it even now.
With prison walls ye may enclose
This body—but my soul,
The proud free soul, my Maker gave,
Ye never can control.

The mandate for my death ye bear;
Joy fills this widowed breast;
My life I would not that ye spare—
I long to be at rest:
For prisoned years, Life's clouded morn,
And blasted hopes have been
To me your sovereign's richest boon,
The queendom of a Queen.

Oh! pleasant France! thy glad streams saw
The joyous lapse of years,
When thy fond heart, love's impress bore,
Nor knew nor grief, nor tears:
Those arrowy streams, their depths of blue,
In music still glide on,
But those bright, happy years I knew,
Those blissful years are gone.

My soul with treachery ne'er had part,
  Thou know'st, Great Teacher, Thou!
That what is written in my heart,
  Is written on my brow.
False tongues have wrought this deed of death;
  A mighty nation's name
Is sullied by the withering breath,
  The Siroc breath of shame.

Weep not my Marys!* death to me
  Comes like a dream of home;
From a weary life it sets me free,
  With the angel throng to roam.
Take all the Stuart has to give,
  Her love, her latest sigh;
Ye have seen in me how a Queen should live,
  Ye shall see how a Queen should die.

* Mary had four favorite maids of honor named Mary.

THE SEASONS.

BY C. W. EVEREST.

———————Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictured life: pass some few years,
Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene." [Thomson.

THE Seasons present to the contemplative lover of nature scenes of no ordinary interest. Who can behold their beauty and order unmoved? Who can pass by the wonderful organization and surprising harmony of the brief period which we term a year, without experiencing the deepest emotions of admiration, and at times blended with a strange and not unwelcome feeling of sadness?

Much has been said and sung upon this most sublime theme, but it has lost none of its interest. The Seasons still roll their silent round, as pleasing, as sad, and as harmonious as ever. They have continued on in their unbroken order, since the time when "the morning stars sang together" at Creation's birth, and will move on in the same silent grandeur until "the Heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat." But the Seasons present no stronger claim to the attention of man, than from the affinity they bear to his own strange and evanescent existence. Emphatically may they be termed a faithful emblem of the human life.

Like the fleeting year, Life hath its Spring-time. The young heart of the pilgrim bounds with joy, and

dilates with blissful anticipations. His bosom glows with warm emotions, and the "streamlet of his affections" gushes forth, unimpeded by the barriers of dissimulation or distrust. Knowing no guile, he looks for none in others, but esteems all mankind as the happy brethren of one harmonious family. He listens with credulity to the soft whispers of hope, and trusts that all which promises will as faithfully perform. Life appears to him "a glorious garden,—above all sunshine, and beneath all flowers." But the golden hours of childhood and youth roll swiftly away, and bring him to the meridian of manhood—the Summer of life.

Manhood opens before him new scenes and situations. Cares, and the business of the world, gather around him, and the pursuit of pleasure yields for awhile to the severer duties of life. Still he hopes; and from the turmoil of perplexities and anxieties, he forms golden plans of future enjoyment, and looks forward with fond anticipation to the evening of life, when the troubles of the world will no longer agitate his quiet repose. But the vigor of manhood passes, and the Autumn of life gathers around him.

He now turns a retrospective glance over the buried years of his existence, and they appear like the mists of the morning. How have the bright dreams of his fancy been realized? Where are those enjoyments which his youth-time and his early manhood painted? the clear skies and the calm sunshine of hope? Ah! the world has proved to him but too truly "*a fleeting show.*" The sunlight of hope has vanished before the dark storms of reality. He has seized with eager grasp the extended hand of friend-

ship, but it has sent back an icy chill to his heart. He has knelt at the smiling rill of pleasure, but it has receded from his lip. He has grasped the bauble of wealth, but it proved a hollow treasure. He has grasped at every rose-bud of earthly bliss, and a thorn from each has stung him:—and his drooping heart is covered with the withered foliage of his brightest hopes. Soon his gloomy Autumn passes, and old age—the cheerless Winter of life—closes o'er him.

Dark is now his existence. Storms encompass him. The fountain of his affections is congealed. Life becomes a dreary burden to itself, and his cold heart yearns for its colder resting-place. For a while the flame trembles in its socket, and then goes out in darkness.

Thus have we contemplated the Seasons, and thus the affinity they bear to the life of man. And do they teach no lesson? Indeed, every thing in nature is rife with a moral. The little rill, as it pursues its silent course to the ocean, may admonish us that life is thus passing on, silently and imperceptibly, to the great ocean of eternity. The rose-bud smiling on its fragile stem, may remind us that thus are the flowers of life, frail and perishing. But the Seasons are the most faithful monitor. They remind us, as they wheel their silent round, in a language too plain to be mistaken, that *Life hath its Seasons, and that they pass away!* Let us then give heed to their lesson, and profit by their instruction. Let us be admonished that youth is the seed-time of life, and that "what a man soweth, that shall he also reap:" and let us sow abundantly of the rich seeds

of virtue and knowledge. Thus will our Spring-time be rendered profitable and delightful—our Summer will bear pleasing testimony to our labors—our Autumn will be redolent of fruits—and the fire-side of our Winter will be cheered and enlivened by the treasures of the mental store-house—the Granary of the Soul.

HER SPIRIT HATH FLOWN TO ITS REST.

BY C. W. EVEREST.

Her spirit hath flown to its rest,
  Afar from our sorrowing clod;
To the bright happy land of the blest,
  And the smiles of its glorious God:
She lingered a season below,
  But to wash from her spirit the stain:
Then soared from our valley of wo,
  To the far heights of glory again!

She hath flown to the mansions above,
  And found out the blood-ransomed throng;
She hath drank of the fountains of love,
  And joined in the Seraphim's song;
She hath gone to the land of her birth,
  Where the anthems of holiness rise;
She wearied with dwelling on earth,
  And returned to her home in the skies!

Her spirit hath flown to its rest,
  Its sorrows and sufferings o'er;
It hath gained the far clime of the blest,—
  It will visit our cold earth no more!
Then weep not—'twere sinful to mourn,
  That the Tyrant our fond hope hath riven:
Though she's gone, and no more may return,
  She bathes in the glory of Heaven!

THIBALT D'AUVERGNE.

BY HAZLETON WALKLEY.

"Where is the Count D'Auvergne? I owe him life. Stand back Guillaume des Barres! Your foot is on his chest. That is he in the black armor!" * * *

"The Count made another effort to speak. The king stooped over him, and inclined his ear. 'Tell her,' said the broken accents of the dying man, 'tell her, that for her love, I died to save your life.'"

"'I will,' said Philip Augustus, 'on my faith, I will! and I know her not, or she will weep your fall.'" *Philip Augustus.*

The sun above the tented field,
Rose o'er the hills of France;
His beams flashed bright on spear and shield,
Helmet and polished lance;
For hosts of arm'ed men were there,
In battle's stern array,
Each heart beat quick—each blade was bare,
Impatient for the fray.

Her laurel wreath, in fevered dream,
Already Fancy weaves;
And youthful ardor, at the gleam,
Pants for the rustling leaves:

Oh! many a brain that inly burns
With hopes of high renown,
Will strew the clod the ploughman turns
Before the sun goes down.

A monarch with a monarch's power
Was on the battle plain,
Who ne'er would to another cower
Though all his hosts were slain;
Against oppression's blackened woes
His noble blade was bare,
And he would quell his haughty foes,
Or bravely perish there.

But there was not, of all the throng
That swelled that monarch's might,
A knight more brave, an arm more strong,
Or practised more in fight,
Than he with crest of sable dye,
And armor black as night,
Who marked, as with a heedless eye,
The dread, approaching fight.

His steed, that chafing pawed the ground,
The battle's fearful din—
The dying shriek—the onset sound—
What were they all to him?
Deep in his breast consuming lies,
With ashes strewn above,
The wasting spark that never dies,
Of unrequited love.

Aye, he had loved in early years,
  Ere Manhood on his brow
Had furrowed out its thousand cares,
  Or blanched its cheerful glow!
His love, which language ill reveals,
  Was for a matchless one;
Devotion, deep as the Indian feels
  Who bows him to the sun.

Strong as the heart's deep passions are,
  Ere youthful dreams have flown,
His hope, his all was centered there,
  He lived for her alone!
Though France held not a nobler name,
  Though of his house the pride,
Yet dared he not, unknown to fame,
  To ask her for his bride!

* * * * * *

Years passed away—that knight had been
  With warriors of renown,
Where ranks of the proud Saracen,
  Before his sword went down;
And every battle that he won,
  And every field he fought
Had but, for him, one hope alone—
  To win the love he sought.

The foe was quelled—the wars were o'er—
  The Holy Land was free;
He sought the ancient halls once more,
  Of his young idolatry.

The scenes that met his eager gaze,
  Each valley, hill and plain,
Renewed the thoughts of other days,
  And boyhood's dreams again.

The stream, to whose bright waters' play
  The wild flower nodded o'er,
Still murmured on its pebbled way
  As peaceful as before;
And still those grey old towers were there,
  The lofty trees above,
Where he had shown a lover's care,
  And won—a sister's love.

But where was she?—the fair—the young,
  Who had his idol been;
And why came not that beauteous one
  To smile upon him then?
Woe for his fame—the deeds of arms,
  That swelled his name of pride!
That peerless one, with all her charms,
  Is now a Monarch's bride!

To the warm fountain of his dreams
  A freezing current rolled;
Curdled its warm, its ardent streams,
  And left them sad and cold.
The golden cords, that bound his heart
  To life—to hope—to bliss—
At one fell blow were torn apart,
  And all was loneliness!

And the wide world was all to him
A barren desert wild,
Where sprung to light no living thing,
Nor blossom ever smiled.
Now, he is on the battle plain,
The brave are sweeping by,
With a monarch rival's glittering train
He is marshalled forth—to die.

And to his ear swelled loudly out
The brazen armor's clang;
The onset charge—the battle shout
Of deadly conflict rang:
Yet still he checked his chafing steed,
And lingered from the fray,
For little did that lone one heed
How went the doubtful day.

But hark! whence comes the yielding cry,
So wildly borne in air?
And whose the shout of victory
So loudly echoed there?
See! in the maddening tumult tossed,
Monarch and banner reel,
One moment more, and all is lost!
And France and Freedom yield!

One lingering look the warrior took
Of earth, of sky and main,
For well he knew that glorious book
He ne'er might read again;

Then spurred his courser with his might
  Free o'er the fallen brave—
He plunged into the thickest fight,
  To rescue and to save!

Woe to the wretch who dares to stand
  Athwart his reckless way!
Or seeks to raise a recreant hand
  His whirlwind course to stay!
Destruction waits on every blow—
  Around him are the slain—
The tide is turned upon the foe;
  The king is up again!

* * * * * *

The storm is past; the strife is o'er:
  The conquering hosts return;
France waves her banner proud once more,
  But where is brave D'Auvergne?
Look where was turned the doubtful strife
  Amid the thickest dead;
There, as he saved a rival's life,
  His woes—his sorrows fled!

THE HOME OF THE DESOLATE.

A FRAGMENT.

BY C. W. EVEREST.

"How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery! Sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty!"

Thomson.

It was night—the storm howled sadly by—and the mother sat in silence by the scanty fire, that warmed and faintly lighted the wretched, dilapidated cottage, once, in brighter days, her happy home! She had divided to her ragged and starving babes the little pittance of bread remaining to her, yet scarcely sufficing to satisfy the mad cravings of hunger! Little thought they that they claimed their mother's all: yet freely was it given, with a silent tear *that it was all!* She hushed their cries—soothed their sorrows—covered them with her tattered mantle—bade them a sad '*good-night*'—and returned to her sorrowful vigil.

The night wore away,—and still sat the mother over the fading fire she could not replenish, waiting the coming of him whose returning footsteps once caused a thrill of joy through her bosom, and was hailed with boisterous glee by his little ones. Once,

he promised at the altar to love and cherish her, and nobly, awhile, did he redeem the pledge. His cottage was the home of comfort, and his wife and infants divided his love! But ah! how changed! He had become a *Drunkard!* His business was neglected—his home was deserted—and his late return was but the harbinger of woe! He came to curse the innocent partner of his misery as the author of his wretchedness, and his frightened children shrunk away from him, screaming, as from a fiend! Where waits he now? The shadows of night have long darkened the landscape! What delays his return?—Alas! the low haunt which has nightly witnessed the shameful revel, now echoes to his frantic shout! Surrounded by boon companions, he seeks to drown the memory of his sorrows in the bowl: while his wretched, starving, squalid wife still keeps her lonely vigil by her lonely hearth!

Stillness—solemn stillness, like the grave's, reigns in that dreary habitation: and no sound is heard, save when the fitful sighing of the wintry blast, or the low murmur of her dreaming infants, rouses the watcher from her trance. Then she raises her aching eyes to the dim dial, and with a glance to Heaven, turns to her lonely watch again. But now "the tempest of her feelings has grown too fierce to be repressed"—her bosom heaves with the wild emotions of her soul—and her thin hands seem endeavoring to force back the bursting torrent of her tears! * * * * * * * * * The clock struck the hour of midnight—and he came as wont! With a fearful

oath, he cursed his wife's fond care: and that mother's silent tears, and the low wail of his frightened babes, went up to God for witness! * * Would you know the conclusion of the story? Go, ask the jail, the almshouse, and the grave—and *they* will tell you!

TO A CRICKET.

BY M. A. DODD.

Cease, cricket! cease thy melancholy song,
  Its chiming cadence falls upon my ear
With such a saddening influence all day long,
  I cannot bear those mournful notes to hear—
  Notes that will often start the unbidden tear,
And wake the heart to memories of old days,
  When life knew not a sorrow or a fear—
Forever basking in the sunny rays,
Which seem so passing bright to youth's all trustful
    gaze.

Once more my steps are stayed at eventide,
  Beneath the fairest moon that ever shone,
Where the old oak threw out its branches wide
  Over the low roof of mine early home,
  Ere yet my bosom knew a wish to roam
From the broad shelter of that ancient tree,
  Or dreamed of other lands beside our own,
Beyond the boundary of that flowery lea—
For the green valley there was world enough for me.

A group are gathered round the household hearth,
  Where chilly autumn bids the bright flame play,
And social converse sweet, and childhood's mirth,
  Swiftly beguile the lengthened eve away:

A laughing girl shakes back her tresses gay,
With a half doubtful look, and wondering tone—
"Hark! there is music! do you hear the lay?
Mother, what is it singing in the stone—
Some luckless fairy wight imprisioned there alone?"

'Tis memory all, which doth the spell renew;
And though thy notes may strike the "electric chain,"
Thou canst not bring those buried forms to view,
Or give me back my happy days again.
Alone—I am alone: these tears in vain
For the loved tenants of the tomb are given;
They sleep—no more to suffer grief or pain,
No more to gaze upon the starlit heaven,
Or with hushed hearts to list thy solemn strain at even.

Wake not remembrance thus! for stern the fate
That marks my pathway with a weary doom;
And to a heart so worn and desolate,
Thy boding voice may add a deeper gloom.
Tho' few the clouds which o'er the blue sky roam,
And green the livery of our forest bowers,
To warn us of a sure decay ye come,
In sable guise, trailing the faded flowers,
Singing the death-song sad of summer's waning hours.

Those emerald robes will change to russet brown,
Which summer over vale and hill-side cast;
To other skies that know no wintry frown,
Bright birds shall wing their weary way at last;

And autumn's hectic hues which fade so fast,
Will make the dark old woods awhile look gay;
But death must come when the rare show is past—
Then cease thy chant, dark prophet of decay!
I cannot bear to hear thy melancholy lay.

THE WATERFALL.

A SONNET.

BY ISAAC C. PRAY.

How still the scene, save where the waters pour
  Broad, massy sheets of silver far below
  Upon the gulf whence circling eddies flow,
And revel with a wild, eternal roar!
Swift dash the impetuous torrents o'er the rocks;
  Continuous clouds of foam like war-steeds spring,
  And, meeting wildly in the whirling ring,
First plunge, then toss on high their necks' white
      locks.
Along the verge, where turn the waters o'er,
  And at the base, where roving billows rush
  Headlong, with mad, interminable gush,
The mist ascends, enrobing all the shore.
Faint starlight glows now flush upon the scene,
And decks a throne for Night's advancing Queen.

LINES TO MY SISTER:

Written in her Album.

BY MELZAR GARDNER.

My sister dear, the thoughts I bring,
  As flowers, to deck this spotless page,
Perchance may seem like those that spring
  From roots that feel the blight of age;
But at the mention of that word—
  My sister!—youth awakes again,
And pleasant memories are stirred,
  Of days unmarked by care or pain.

Fond, faded hopes—the venom'd breath
  Of calumny—the blight of care—
These mark, as with the touch of Death,
  Some of the later "hours that were;"
But back, beyond that darksome sea
  Of pain, and care, and grief, and tears,
I find, when Memory turns to thee,
  The buried joys of childhood's years.

And though in other lands I roam—
  Though other ties my fondness prove—
Though here I find another home,
  And wife and children share my love—
Though "husband!" "father!" have a sound
  As sweet as "brother," used to be!
Yet in my heart will aye be found,
  Room—my dear sister—*room for thee!*—

And Mary, my most fervent prayer
  Is, that thy life may ever be
As calm, as when the summer air
  Is sleeping on a moonlit sea ;—
Bright, as the day-god's earliest glance—
  Sweet, as a song at midnight heard—
And gladsome, as the ripple's dance,
  When by the soft-winged zephyrs stirred !

Should Pain or Sorrow ever shroud
  The blessed light of thy young years,
May Hope's effulgence, through the cloud,
  Beam on thine heart though seen through tears ;
May Faith the dark illusion break,
  And Love wipe off each tear that flows,
As morning breezes gently shake
  The glistening dew-drop from the rose !

May Purity's white robe be spread,
  In ample fulness, round thy form !
Earth's choicest joys on thee be shed !
  Life's sunshine thine, without the storm !
And when the things of time and sense
  Shall fade, as stars when day is dawning—
Oh, may thy soul soar gladly hence,
  To bask in Heaven's eternal morning !

Hartford, August, 1839.

JUNE.

BY M. A. DODD.

I SING thy beauties now,
Month of the golden morn and sunny noon;
For fairest of the sister-three art thou,
O lovely, smiling June!

How gay this world of ours,
When thou dost all around rich roses fling;
And to the hill-side, and the garden bowers,
Bloom in profusion bring.

Now is the time for hope;
Now should the poet's dial tell the hours
Which marks the moments by the buds that ope,
Or folding of the flowers.

For those who seek her love,
Nature holds court in a gay-decked saloon,
Where the rich tapestry is all inwove
With leaves and flowers of June.

Sweet doth the music come
From zephyr's harp in the green branches stirr'd,
The lay of glancing streams, and insect hum,
And song of summer bird.

The morning sunlight shines,
Robing in golden mist the laughing stream—
Shedding a glory where the red rose twines,
And many dew-drops gleam.

The moonbeams pale and mild,
Look down upon the buds that folded sleep,
Like a young mother watching o'er her child,
With love so pure and deep.

Thy joyous presence lends
To every heart that droops, its cheering boon:
Oh, blessed is the bounteous hand that sends
The leaves and flowers of June.

THE SWALLOW.

BY WILLIAM FALCONER.

"Oh, downcast soul! like it thou wert as gay,
When Life was in its May."

I.

When Youth's bright years went by like Summer hours,
Their sunny brows arrayed in Summer flowers—
And through the Future's void Hope's warm smile glowed,
Cheering my onward road—
Nursed by the sun of my prosperity,
My spirit teemed with generous Poesy,
And soared to Heaven's gate on raptured wing,
A free and glorious thing,
Pure as a sylph amid the blue of June,
When forest-boughs their leafy harps attune,
And blend their music with the heavens above,
In one sweet hymn of Love.

II.

The gladsome Swallow thus, i' the balmy weather,
When Spring and it revisit us together,
Sports through the rain-washed blue, and builds its bower
Within the loftiest tower:
Changeful as Thought—companion of the breeze—
Brushing with snow-flaked breast the cloudlet's fleece—

Now in the willowed lake its long wing dipping,
With liquid silver dripping—
Then up again, as if 't were not of earth,
Among the skyey boughs it wheels in mirth,
Or through the hoary turret's loopholes narrow,
Darts like a barbed arrow.

III.

But when the thunder o'er the hills is pealing,
And storm-clouds slow o'er Heaven's blue fields are stealing,
While the chill mist falls shroud-like o'er the vale,
Turning the waters pale—
In circles narrowing, close to earth it skims,
While forest birds have hushed their warbled hymns,
As if it something sought—but soon above
It finds its nest of love.

IV.

And thus, my soul, when sorrow's blasts have blown,
And Care's dull mist around my path is thrown,
While gathering clouds foretell the coming storm,
In its most vengeful form—
Flits o'er the chequered Past, around each spot
Where Love hath dwelt, long sanctified by Thought,
Seeking some relic faint, yet left behind,
Of all that smiled so kind—
Its storm-steeped wings too weak to reach, on high
Fancy's soft nest amid the perfumed sky,
Above the mist that robs it of the beams
Which lit its earlier dreams.

V.

When on pale Autumn Winter pours his wrath,
And sweeps the rose-leaves from the woodland path,
And of their leafy honors strips the bowers,
Widowed of all their flowers—
The summer swallow, on exploring wing,—
Led by bright Hope, the sister of the Spring,—
Finds, in the realms of Morn, a tranquil home,
Beyond the billow's foam.
O! may my soul, when wintry Life is flown,
And my frail dust is garnered 'neath the stone,
Find peaceful rest—like it on brighter shore,
As fond I deemed of yore,
When, at my mother's knee, that page I read
Which speaks of Him whose brow with anguish bled—
'Parted before us, to prepare a place
Before His Father's face!

Paris, 1839.

THE FRIENDS WE LOVED IN CIHLDHOOD.

A BALLAD.

BY C. W. EVEREST.

The friends we loved in childhood,
O, whither have they fled?
Beneath the village churchyard,
They slumber with the dead!
In peace they rest beneath the sod,
Their earthly labors o'er:
O, the friends that we loved in our early youth,
We shall meet on earth no more!

The friends we loved in childhood,
When life was young and gay—
How blithesome were their bosoms
Throughout the joyous day;
And lightly tripped their merry feet
Across the flowery plain—
But the friends that we loved in our early youth
We ne'er shall meet again!

The friends we loved in childhood,
How fond their memory seems!
They haunt us in our slumbers—
They whisper in our dreams!

And then we wake, with saddened heart,
To find our bliss but vain:
For the friends that we loved in our early youth,
We ne'er shall meet again!

The friends we loved in childhood,
O, peaceful be their rest;
And green may be the willow,
That sighs above their breast!
And when in death we lowly sleep,
Secure from all our pain;—
O, the friends that we loved in our early youth,
May we meet in peace again!

A WALK IN THE FOREST.

BY MISS M. L. GARDNER.

I love thy calm and cool retreats—sweet wood!
Above—around me—leaf and bough entwined,
Shut out from hearing and the visual sense,
The sounds and sights that tell me of the world—
Its cares—its envyings, and its bitter strifes—
Making me loath existence! 'Mid thine aisles,
I feel a spiritual presence, ever near,
Breaking the ties that bind my soul to earth,
And earth-born thoughts; and I can soar away,
As on the zephyr's airy pinions borne,
Till life becomes etherial, and is lost
As in a new existence, rapt with joy
That seems almost divine.

It oft is said—
That sin hath blighted all this beauteous earth;
That all things bright and pleasant to the eye,
When tasted, "turn to ashes on the lip!"
Thou who thus thinkest—thou whose ear is pained
By tales of envy, jealousy or strife,—
Enter with me these calm sequestered shades
Leaving behind thee all those passions vile,
That in their workings move the restless world.

Sit down with me, upon the vine-wrapped rock—
Hoary with centuries of storm and age—
Beneath this gnarled and ancient tree, whose roots
Glide serpent-like into its crevices. The brook
That sparkles as it passes by, bedecks
Our grassy carpet with a silver fringe!
The sun from 'mid his azure sphere steals through
The woven shadows, with a softened light,
Like Faith's pure ray, upon a care-worn heart.
The gentle breeze, in dalliance with my hair,
Parteth it on my forehead, that my brow
May feel its coolness, while my heart drinks in
The sweetness it hath stolen from the flowers.
Birds, 'mid the branches round us, joyous sing,—
And insects, on their gilded wings flit by,
Pleased with the softened sunshine, and move on
In mazy motions, e'en as if their dance
Was, by the singing brooks sweet music moved.

There is no sadness here; but Innocence
And twin-born Peace and Love, have here their home!
Here we may learn that the primeval curse
Fell not in vengeance; that to guilt alone
Is misery wed—it is not wed to earth.

Ye who endure, learn how you may enjoy!
Ye who at heart are sick of earth's vain joys,
Its gilded pomp, its heartless fellowships,
And all the ills, that mist-like dim the eye,
Or seem to mar the perfect work of God,—
Go to some sweet retreat like this, and list
To Nature's kindly ministrations there.

The forest's wind-born sighs—the pleasant sound
Of distant torrent, and of rippling brook—
The song of birds—the insects' cheerful hum—
These with a strong yet soothing spell, shall change
Life from endurance to enjoyment sweet;
And thou to toil or pleasure may go forth,—
Thine heart to kindly sympathies attuned,—
Pleased with the birds, the flowers, and with thy kind,
And happy with the fair and blessed world.

Hingham, Mass, 1839.

THE TURQUOISE RING.

In Miss Martineau's novel of Deerbrook, the heroine is made to preserve, with great care, a Turquoise ring, which her lover had given her in the early days of his attachment, and, during a long period of doubt and estrangement, to believe that while its hues continued undimmed, his faith remained to her unbroken. So poetic and fervent a belief met with its appropriate reward—the Turquoise remained bright, and the lover returned.

The Turquoise ring! 'twas a gift of power,
Guarding her heart in that weary hour,
As a magic spell, as a gem of light,
As a pure, pure star amidst clouds of night;
Bringing back to the pale, pale cheek its bloom,
Strengthening her faith in that hour of doom:
There was hope, there was trust in its living hue;
The gem was bright, and the lover true;
As a sign to her heart, as a sign to her eye,
The one bright gleam of a troubled sky.

The Turquoise ring! oh, the olden time
Had many a magic tale and sign—
Bright gifts of treasure on land and on sea,
But nought for the heart or the memory;
For what might the fairy lamp of old
Yield to its owner, but gems and gold?
And to her who sat in that lonely hall,
The Turquoise ring was worth them all;

For the heart hath a dearer wealth than lies
In the Earth's wide halls and argosies,
And its hopes are more precious than gems or gold,
When richest and rarest, by miser told;
For what had been gems that brightly shone,
To her who sat in her grief alone?

Oh, the Turquoise ring had a spell of power—
This was a gift for the weary hour,
Linking the future to all the past,
Breathing of moments too bright to last,
Till they came in the light of their living bliss,
To soothe, to gladden an hour like this.
Oh, Love hath wings, they have said, who knew—
And that Love hath wings, is a story true;
But there lingers a bloom on his early hours,
When his wings are folded 'midst opening flowers,
When the streams are bright, and the sky is fair,
And the hearts too happy that trust him there,
There lingers a bloom, and there rests a glow—
A charm that the Earth not again may know;
And when from that resting place he flies,
Oh, linked with a thousand memories,
Each bud and each leaf, by our fond tears wet,
May breathe of his sweetness and beauty yet.

So with the Past, and its holy love—
So with its hopes that soared above,
And the visions that came to her nightly rest—
Was the Turquoise ring to her finger pressed.
Oh, beautiful to her its light!
Could she forget that pleasant night,

When first her finger's slender round
Was with the golden circlet bound,
And blushed she—not to see it shine,
But at the low tone—"Love, be mine?"

Since then, since then, unchanged its hue,
Her hope, her trust, alike were true;
But pale at times that cheek so bright,
And dimmed those eyes of living light,—
For dreams were hers of pain and dread,—
Yet still the ring its lustre shed:
They met and parted, as of yore
Fond hearts have met and chilled before;
And coldness, sadness, fear had been
Like cloud upon the sunny scene!

Yet Woman's love will always strive,
And Woman's faith through all things live;
And beautiful the maiden's truth,
And beautiful her trusting youth:—
Through all, through all, the Turquoise ring
A dream, a hope, a joy could bring;
And still, if clear and bright its hue,
The trust was firm—the lover true!

Oh, gift of power! it brought, at last,
A bright, bright future for the past!
Oh, gift of power! that cheek once more
Wore the rich bloom that blushed of yore:
Oh, gift of power! who would not sing
For me, for me, the Turquoise ring!
For me, for me, when living Faith
Faints in a world of Change and Death—

When sick with fear the heart may be,
And sad, oh sad, the memory—
When dimly, dimly, dimly glow
The hopes, the trust that clings below—
Then give me, give the Turquoise ring,
Or the pure faith—a better thing!

LUCY HOOPER.

Brooklyn, L. I., Sept. 10, 1839.

THE EVENING LAY.

BY C. W. EVEREST.

The sun had sunk in stately mien,
  Behind the glowing west;
And Nature spread her loveliest scene,
  To tranquilize the breast:
Wooed by the hour, I wandered forth,
  Far from the city's strife;
Forgetting, as of nothing worth,
  The joys and ills of life.

The silvery moonbeams kissed the flowers,
  In Summer's loveliest trim;
The birds within their silent bowers,
  Had ceased their evening hymn:
Unconscious, through a smiling vale,
  My path had led afar;
When on the evening's gentle gale,
  I heard a light guitar.

A maiden kneeled within a grove,
  Bathed in the hallowed glow;
Made sacred by the holiest love
  A mortal heart can know:
Here she had wandered all alone,
  From home and friends away;
And in a voice of sweetest tone
  She breathed an Evening Lay.

It did not to the class belong
By Genius' favorites given;
'Twas but a simple evening song,
Of grateful thanks to Heaven:
Far from the crowd, she knew no fear
Her debt of love to pay;
And thought that only God was near,
To hear her Evening Lay.

I gazed in awe: so fair, so young,
Glowing with holiest fire;
It seemed an angel's sinless tongue,
An angel's golden lyre!
Gently the numbers died away;
I saw the maid depart;
And sorrow with resistless sway,
Stole o'er my saddened heart.

I lingered, as by magic spell,
Along that valley's plain;
Then gave a look of sad farewell,
And sought the world again:
The dreams of bliss—hope's flattering tale,
Enticed my feet afar;
But oft would fancy rove the vale,
And hear the sweet guitar.

I've tasted what earth calls delight,
I've bowed at Folly's shrine;
And wealth has opened on my sight
Its beauties, half divine:
But what are all the swelling train,
That roll in pride along?
I'd give them all to hear again
That country maiden's song.

Where Pleasure's stream has murmured by,
I've knelt me down to sip;
I've drank the light of Beauty's eye,
The smile of Beauty's lip;
And pomp has played its wildering part,
And wit has ruled the day;
But nothing yet has touched my heart,
Like that sweet Evening Lay.

I've stood beneath the fretted dome,
To holiest worship given,
When the loud anthem's swelling tone
Pealed to the listening heaven:
Awhile, entranced, I heard the strain,—
Then turned in grief away,
And sighed, to hear but once again,
That simple Evening Lay!

When tossing on the couch of rest,
A stranger to repose,
And harrowing cares distract the breast,
Of earth and earthly woes;
When plodding o'er life's mournful track,
To wretchedness a prey;
Then soft on Memory's pinions back
Is borne that Evening Lay.

Let Age its onward numbers roll,—
'Twill calm my troubled breast,
And heal the sorrows of a soul
By earthly cares distressed:
But though before its withering pace
Our early loves decay—
It cannot from my mind efface
That simple Evening Lay.

THE DEPARTURE.

Affectionately inscribed to his elder sister:

BY MELZAR GARDNER.

A BRIGHT, a glorious day in Spring!
No cloud upon the azure deep:—
A morn so lovely, it might bring
New sweetness to an infant's sleep!
The seaman fondly lingers there—
The white sail woos the fragrant air—
His heart with Hope is beating high—
A tear is in the young wife's eye!

'Tis noon!—across the broad blue sea,
The gallant barque speeds proudly on;
And joy-lit eyes look up to see
Her pennons floating in the sun.
The whirling eddies mark her way,
And 'neath her prow, the snow-white spray,
Like newly crumbled silver, gleams
And sparkles in the day-god's beams!

'Tis eve!—the sea-bird sports beside
Her glowing pathway o'er the deep,
Where, like a war-horse nerved with pride,
From wave to wave she seems to leap.
Each pulse is quickened, as the blast
Distends the sail, or bends the mast;
And when the sun hath left the sky,
Hope warms the heart and lights the eye

Alone—upon a beetling hill,
That braves the ocean's breaking surge—
The fond young wife is lingering still,
And gazing on the horizon's verge.
One long, long look of love—the last!
The proud ship from her sight hath past!
She turns away—she breathes a prayer—
Her hope, her love, her heart is there!

Speed on, speed on, thou gallant barque!
That gentle heart is with thee now,
Where tempests gather fierce and dark,
Or favoring breezes gently blow:—
That love shall bless thy sunny path,
That hope defy the storm-god's wrath;
And thou shalt bring, from o'er the main,
The wanderer to his home again!

Hartford, September, 1839.

SONG IN JUNE.

BY W. FALCONER.

I.

'Tis the leafy month of June;
Brooks now sing a quiet tune;
None can hail the morn too soon—
Wherefore sleepest thou?
Deem'st thou that the argent moon
Yet shines on Heaven's brow?

II.

Amber beauty fills the bowers,
Where the elder, rich in flowers,
Sparkles in the am'rous showers,
In our chapel green:
Let us spend the summer hours,
Loving all unseen.

III.

Birds our choristers shall be,
As on Fancy's fairy lea,
Like the sweet, harmonious bee
In the scented air:
Thought's pure passion-flowers, shall we
Seek to banish care.

IV.

Fays are rocked i' the fresh buds;
Dryads roam the brightening woods;
Naiads, 'neath their gelid floods,
Chase the fishes bright:
Why, in cities' dim abodes,
Lose such full delight?

V.

THERE but chains and settled gloom,
Thirst of gold and early tomb—
Hope and Health together bloom,
Twin flowers HERE in birth:
Why thy golden Youth consume
'Mid the city's dearth?

Versailles, 1839.

SONNETS:

BY C. W. EVEREST.

To "J. D.," Author of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter Sonnets.

I.

BARD of the pleasant lyre! where'er thy strain
Breaks on the stillness of the listening air—
Whether in Spring-time, o'er the grassy plain,
With careless step you rove, mid flowrets fair—
Whether through Summer's fervid walks you stray,
And mark the waters and the winds at play—
Whether mid Autumn's stores of ripening gold
Thou rovest, pensive, mid the dying flowers—
Or Winter calls thee, with his voice cold,
To muse, instructed, 'mong the leafless bowers—
My heart is with thee: Through the joyous hours
I roam, with thee, o'er scenes so proudly told!
By brook, by glen, on mountain-top I stand—
Turns my fond soul to thee, and my loved Father-
land!

II.

DIXON! our own New England land is fair,
And happy faces glad its pleasant vales;
And voices whisper on its haunted air,
Where olden memories breathe their hallowed tales!
But come, my friend, and rove awhile with me,
And Southern scenes shall spread a feast for thee!
The Bard is Nature's priest: where'er she reigns,
There may he find an altar; and his soul
May offer up its incense! Seek the plains
Where the bright South doth woo with sweet control:
Here noble hearts will cheer us; while the strains
Of warbling birds, more sweet than notes which stole
From Orpheus' lyre, shall win us, for a time,
To linger from our own, to bless the Southern clime!

North Carolina, August 22, 1839.

MY SISTER.

BY WILLIAM FALCONER.

O FRIEND, when I was very young
I had a lovely sister—
The word yet stammered on my tongue,
When one May-morn I missed her.
To me she was an angel mild—
A most enduring mother—
For since I was a wanton child,
I never knew another.

I sat beneath the lilac spray,
Plucking the silver daisies,
When like a cloud o'er summer-day,
A group of yearning faces
Came, and with tears that spoke their pain,
To my kind Helen bore me ;
Heedless the treasure cancelled then,
Which time could ne'er restore me.

She kissed me, and her lips were cold,
Her cheek each moment flushing,
Like rose leaves on the garden mould,
Still in their ruin blushing.

Long wistfully she gazed on me;
Striving her pain to smother,
Then cried, to let her anguish free,
"My brother, Oh my brother!"

They laid her 'neath the churchyard stone,
Among the dew-dipped roses;
That stone is melancholy's throne,
'Neath which her head reposes.
And there I came each summer eve,
To breathe the prayer she taught me,
Kissing the flowers that bid me grieve,
Methought she there had brought me.

They say she had her mother's brow,
Her liquid eye of sadness,
Her fading sunset smile, which now
Is turned to morning gladness.
Serene amid my earliest dream,
I see her witching features;
Oh! saints benignly fair must seem,
Earth having such soft creatures.

Her portrait feeds my eager eye,
By some young limner painted,
Who drew from yonder golden sky,
An inspiration sainted.
O blessed be the hand that drew
That smile, that eye of sorrow,
That placid brow of lily hue,
Where time can plant no furrow.

Thou art not dead, my sister sweet,
I see thee eve and morning,
Thy smile of early days I greet,
The mountain slope adorning.
I feel thee in the zephyr's sigh,
Around me freshly blowing;
I see thy timid twilight eye
In heaven-streaked sapphire glowing.

When rancorous spleen and worldly pride,
Swell darkly in my bosom,
I feel thou weepest by my side.
And when the jasmine blossom
Falls on my brow, I know it is
From thee a gentle token;
Oh! were it not for thoughts like this,
Long since my heart were broken.

Bright is thy bower of loveliness—
Dark is the gloom before me;
Yet, Oh! for thee 'tis deeper bliss,
Here to be watching o'er me.
Be thy sweet face the first I meet
At death's cold gate, when dying,
And that dread change for me more sweet,
On thy kind smile relying!

Paris, 1838.

TO REVENGE.

Demon of darkness! Mercy's potent foe!
Why dost thou climb to Reason's throne,
And snatch the peaceful monarch down,
To make Man's breast a weary waste of wo?
Pluck the beacon from the tower,
In Shipwreck's melancholy hour,—
And let thy dagger, beauty's bosom seek,
And wipe it, reeking, on her faded cheek,—
Speak of thy rule in antiquated seats,
Where shame in war, and vice in peace retreats;
Blacken the earth with sorrow, if thy will,
O warrior, boast thee brave, thou art a demon still!

Thy finger points to deeds—thou standest still,
Like a wild hunter to his fawning brute,
With Man, a menial at thy foot,
To creep around thy prey, and do thy will:
Mark thy servant bending low,
Annibal, the Roman foe!
On the cold Alps he blew War's wild alarms,
Italia heard the blast, and woke to arms;
But he at Capua, made a truce with war,
And left th' espoused escutcheon of thy car—
Proud Xerxes failed to pay the debt to Greece,
Tho' Jason thou didst help, to steal the golden fleece!

Cannot the tyrant sleep awhile?—he wakes!
Rouse, then,—ah, rouse th' Eumenides;
Like sheeted goblins, if thou please—
At dame Alecto's toilet fix thy snakes:
Mount old Ruin's gaunt, pale steed—
Fly where men and nations bleed,
War with the man who doth thy power hate,
Lest ever peace, o'er thee Revenge! be great—
And be thou sated—then thy weapons sheathe,
Bind to thy brow Mars' sanguinary wreath—
Then may mankind abjure thy awful reign,
And once to Peace allied, beneath her sway remain.

Abington, Pa.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

I.

The poetry of Life!—'tis seen around us—
Through the whole scenery of our earth so fair—
In the good gifts with which our God hath crowned us—
Bright skies and clouds—broad seas and sunny air.
There's poetry in the distant water—falling
O'er rocks in forests wild, where mountains rise,
And nature with an hundred tongues is calling
On us to drink where her pure treasure lies.

II.

There's poetry in the aspect of a mountain—
The many sparkling rills which from it flow—
The silvery gushes of a limpid fountain,
As on it dances to some vale below.
There's poetry in a wild and noble river,
In silence gliding to old ocean's breast—
Or when it dashes forth as from a quiver,
In snowy garb and dazzling silver dressed.

III.

There's poetry in an ancient dome—decaying
Through many sunshines, and from many storms—
The twining ivy, round its portals straying
In antic festoons, and fantastic forms.

There's poetry in a rural cottage dwelling,
Afar from marts of strife and busy crowds.
While all around the choral songs are swelling,
Above—the azure sky and fleecy clouds.

IV.

There's poetry in the quietude of even,
As fades the daylight—in the golden West,
And when the stars shine forth from distant heaven,
Like brilliant diamonds in an azure crest.
'Tis the rapt time when praise ascendeth
From the full soul like incense—in the air—
When day its splendor with the evening blendeth
And tuneful hearts blend poetry with prayer.

Auburn, Nov. 1839. S. S. Y.

SONNET.

BY A. P. MARVIN.

On Nilus' banks, behold a gathered crowd!
Where Egypt's sons and Egypt's lovely daughters,
Gaze in mute awe, above the rushing waters.
The morn is sweet—the sky without a cloud;
That throng is hushed—the gay, the poor, the proud;
And all upon the glowing Orient gaze,—
For when the sun darts forth his earliest rays,
Great Memnon's summit lifts its voice aloud,
With music ravishing. From God's own hand,
There is a temple,—'tis the human soul;
And when at pitying Mercy's sweet demand,
The Son of Righteousness doth on it shine,
'Tis filled, subdued, with harmony divine—
As if heaven's music through its members stole.

SONG.

BY M. A. DODD.

Mary, the summer hours are swiftly flying,
And my light bark is out upon the sea;
From the blue West the sunset's light is dying,
As sad I turn to bid farewell to thee.
Soon shall I be in other lands a rover:
Lady! my short, bright dream of love is over.

Hope pointed to a brilliant star before me,
Love filled my heart with a wild burning dream,
And Poesy had wove her bright spell o'er me—
Thou! wert the star, the vision, and the theme.
Soon shall I be 'neath other skies a rover:
Lady! my short, sweet dream of love is over.

The harp is mute which woke to thee its numbers,
And hope's delusive star has darkly set;
Within my soul the tide of passion slumbers;
My task is now to wander and forget.
Soon shall I be in other lands a rover:
Lady! my brief, bright dream of love is over.

THE DESERTED BURIAL GROUND.

BY REV. JOHN WILLIAMS.

SEPTEMBER'S sunset! down yon quiet lane,
Where waves on either hand the ripening grain,
Walk, as with pace adapted to the hour,
Toward yon old gate 'neath vine-enwreathed bower.
A holy stillness dwells the place around—
A solemn spot—an ancient burial ground.
Here on some time-worn tablet may we rest,
While glows with parting day, the golden west:
Gaze on green field, with many a graceful tree,
Whence pour gay birds their evening symphony;
On mountain where the softened sunlight sleeps,
With rosy robe invests its shaggy steeps;
Lights here a lofty peak, there lost in shade,
Tells of the deep cool dell, or breezy glade:
On sheltered hamlet bid our sight repose,
Whence comes the evening hum of labor's close:
Or turning where around us frequent rise
Old stones with carving rude, and quaint device,
Muse as in dreamy state reclined we lie,
These records of antique simplicity;
While to the current of our thoughts, meantime,
Yon river murmurs in accordant chime.
No fresh piled mound here tells the saddening tale
Of spirit's parting pang, and mourners's wail!

No tall rank grass here pictures to the eye,
The festering remnants of mortality.
The wild flower rising gracefully and light,
Bending on stem so wavy and so light,
Drinks but the purest dews of bright-eyed even,
And owes its fragrance to the breath of heaven.
Thus 'mid half felt realities we gain
The church-yard's moral, while we miss its pain.
Here side by side old warrior forms repose;
And the same clod perchance may now enclose
Their crumbled bodies, who in life had said,
The white man ne'er could mingle with the red!*
How solemnly it tells—this mouldered clay—
The littleness of man, and man's brief day;
While mortal forms that erst in furious fight,
Strove for some fancied or some ill-gained right;
Hearts that with deep and deadly hatred burned,
Nor e'er to pity's kindly accents turned,
Decayed and mouldered 'neath the self-same sod,
Now closely mingling form one common clod!
Oh may not thus the souls of every kin,
That ever shall be, or that e'er hath been,
Joined in one love, one only Lord adore,
And all be peace where all was hate before?
Such *shall* be when earth's films are purged away,
And man hath wakened in eternal day!

* * * *

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* The Burial Ground, which suggested the thoughts contained in these lines, had been used for purposes of interment by both whites and Indians.

But now from cottage chimneys smoke curls forth,
Where gather household groups, round home's dear
hearth;
Now on the hill tops deeper shades descend,
And tree, town, field in misty dimness blend;
Leave we the sleepers to the length of night,
Broke but by sound of stream, or owlet's flight.

A LETTER FROM THE OLD DOMINION.

BY A VERMONTER.

To Miss C. G. C.

Dear Cate, a year has flitted by
  Since that half sad, half merry night—
Our last at home—when every eye
  Betwixt a tear and smile was bright!
When thou with bounding heart wert going
  From those whose love no words could tell,
And they with saddened looks bestowing
  The oft-repeated warm farewell!
If then, when many voices blessed thee,
And lips more privileged caressed thee,
In sadness and in silence there,
I took no kiss, and spoke no prayer;
Yet, midst that kindred company,
None loved thee more unfeignedly!
Nay! do not frown: for He doth know,
Who formed the heart, that not the snow
Which on the north wind's pinion flies,
Or on the mountain's summit lies,
Is from all earthly stain more free
Than my affection, Cate, for thee!

I loved you as a merry child,
  A pretty and mischievous one,

With eye as bright and step as wild
As age e'er loved to look upon!
And when a few brief seasons o'er,
That step and eye grew more sedate,
I had, though you loved others more,
A brother's kindness for thee, Cate!

Since that sweet night, around thy heart
New friends their wreaths of love have twined,
And colder, now, they say thou art,
To those to whom you then were kind.
Somewhat, perchance, I might complain
(But that I knew complaint were vain)
Of promised letter, long forgot,
And kindly message answered not;
But let them pass: it is not strange,
When all are changing, thou shouldst change,
And little claim have I to be
More than each common friend to thee;
I only ask for that which all
You long have known, alike may share,
When pensive hours their names recall,
That I be unforgotten there;
That none but pleasant thoughts may be
Twined with thy memory of me!

I write thee from a "land where deeds
Of glory anciently were done,"
Whose history, childhood earliest reads,
And young hearts thrill to think upon.
Since last I met thee, I have gazed
Upon the place where Jamestown stood;

The church which first the settlers raised,
  Peering above the underwood,
Is all that's left to mark the spot
Where first the white man reared his cot!
'Twas here that Smith's bold cheek grew wan
Beneath the arm of Powhatan,
Which, lifted high, was just descending,
  When she—the noble and the young—
While all around dark brows were bending—
  To save the pale-faced stranger, sprung!
And history's muse, and poet's lyre,
Still with undying zeal conspire
To bind a wreath of purest fame
About that Indian maiden's name;
And not the proudest queen in story
Can vie with Pochahontas' glory!
I've seen the ruined walls, from whence
  The voice of Patrick Henry, heard
In strains of thrilling eloquence,
  A nation's slumbering passion stirred!
Cornwallis' cave I've stood within,
And trod the field he could not win,
Where freedom's right and freedom's might,
Triumphant met on Yorktown's height!

I write thee from a land where spring
  In place of dreary winter, reigns,
Where flowers scarce cease from blossoming,
  And soft winds blow o'er verdant plains.
Yet here—where noble deeds were done,
Yet here—beneath a warmer sun,
I proudly name my place of birth,
The best, the happiest land on earth!

What tho' the wintry tempest's shock,
The pines upon our mountains rock;
What tho' the flowers for months are bowed
Beneath the snow's wide spreading shroud;
Tho' drear the night wind's whistlings be,
Which round our eaves sound mournfully;
Yet bright fires there are blazing high,
And laughing circles crowding nigh,
And merry maidens join in song,
Or grandams tell their stories long,
Or beaux, who with the parties mix,
Talk to papas of politics,
And with many a word and smile,
Steal bright-eyed daughters hearts the while;
Perhaps, averse to ruder play,
  The sober student brings his book,
And hopes in this more gentle way,
  To win some fair one's favoring look;
For whither shall we seek to find
The lads more true—the maids more kind!
And thus, around the cheerful hearth,
With conversation, books, and mirth,
Or else abroad—away! away!
In the exhilarating sleigh;
With hearts forever warm and light,
We hasten winter's tardy flight!
And when the spring has brought its flowers,
What land, in beauty, equals ours?

But better—better far—its sod
None but the free have ever trod!

No tyrant-liberty there waves
A spangled banner over slaves!
For this I love Vermont, altho'
  Cold are her storms and late her spring,
And wheresoe'er my footsteps go,
  My heart can know no wandering.
Each hour of thought brings fresh to mind
The smiles of those I left behind;
And many an unforgotten word,
  In kindness spoken long ago,
And tones of silvery laughter heard
  In happy hours; and soft and low
The solemn tone of evening prayer
I used to hear, when with you there!

Now Cate, adieu! may hope and love
  For you their fairest garlands twine,
Life's sky be ever bright above,
  Or through its clouds may rainbows shine!
And ever thine that calmer joy—
  That peace, from Heaven alone descending;
That hope, naught earthly can destroy;
  That love, eternally unending!
Oh serve thy God! and when the wing
  Of gladness speeds thee joyously,
And in the hour of suffering,
  He will thy guide and comfort be!
And at that consecrated time,
  When happy thoughts to Heaven you raise,
Oh pray for him who wreathes this rhyme—
  The playmate of your girlhood's days!

Tho' weak and erring—passion tossed,
His hopes by sin's dark cloud o'ercast,
He yet, when life's rough sea is crossed,
May rest with thee in heaven at last!

Belle-farm, Gloucester Co., Virginia.

THE CURFEW BELL.

BY WILLIAM FALCONER.

When 'neath the folding-star the curfew bell
Tolls, and dim shadows nestle in the dell;
When friends are few, and even the few are cold,
I think on days of old!

From hoary Druid oaks the clear tones come,
And melt away through evening's cloud-piled dome;
Summon they back the joyous spirits bold
They called from sport of old?

Spirit of her I loved in youth so well,
Surely you hear with me that gentle bell,
Though twenty years above your clay have rolled—
Sylph of the days of old!

Sweet curfew bell—thy tolling seems to me
The falling murmur of youth's summer sea,
When gay our barques went through its liquid gold,
In the fair days of old!

When pulses deep that struggle in my breast,
So feverish now, have worn themselves to rest—

Toll a low requiem o'er my humble mould,
Voice of the days of old!

For none will mourn when slowly I depart—
My memory glows but in one friendly heart,
And he is far—his eyes strange stars behold—
Far as the days of old!

Paris, 1838.

SOMETHING ABOUT FLOWERS.

BY RICHARD BACON, JR.

The author of Pelham, whose writings are enriched with aphorisms of a mind keen in observation of character, has somewhere said, that "where you see a flower in a cottage garden, you may be sure that the cottagers are wiser and better than their neighbors." I at first gave the saying a place in the scrap-book of memory, among shreds of fancy, and odd ends of poetry, but, having seen more of the world, I have since set it down upon a page of indisputable maxims. Yes, Mr. Bulwer *is* right. And now, if I be whirling in a stage-coach, I cannot pass a flower-garden before the humblest cottage, without striving to catch a glimpse of the tenants: for with tulips, roses and geraniums, which breathe their fragrance for the poor man, I have learned to associate in my mind well bred children, with clean and gladsome face; and elder sisters with neat kerchief, smiling lips, and ringlets *a la belle*.

With the man of wealth—I mean in the country—a flower-garden is almost a thing of course; it is regarded as fashionable, and on his part it costs little or no sacrifice of ease to keep up, in this respect, with the style of his patrician neighbors. Hence, flowers before the mansion reared by affluence, give little or no indication of taste or character. But with him who has a cottage for a dwelling, it is different. Perhaps the comforts of life for himself and

family, are attained only at the price of daily labor; and if a vine clamber upon his thatch, or a flower throws its blushes beneath his window, it indicates an innate love for the beautiful in nature, which prompts him to spend the little leisure that life's stern duties afford—and which, perhaps, his neighbor squanders at the haunts of inebriety—in beautifying his dwelling—the home of those with whom he exchanges love, yes, and I know that the jasmine, which he has planted, is watered and woven upon the trellis by her who shares his cares and pleasures; and that the corner of the garden, pranked all over with pinks and violets, the little ones proudly call their own; for it has been set apart to keep them from evil playmates, and to excite to industry. I say, those who make such employments their pastime, possess a spiritual love of the beautiful; and you may be sure, that the same taste which prompts them to teach the woodbine to climb, and the rose to bud, will also lead them to cultivate the minds of themselves and children, and to educate those affections of the heart, which soften the ills of life, and make the fire-side happy. Is it not, then, truly said, that such a family are wiser and better than their neighbors?

"She sketched from nature well, and studied flowers,
Which was enough, alone, to love her for."

An author, whose name I have forgotten, lends me this sentiment: "Never give your affections to a girl, who cherishes no love for flowers." Philosophy has not prompted a better maxim. Innocence

and purity have ever been typified by flowers, and does not the love of an attribute lead to a fondness for its emblem? But is there not in the unsophisticated heart, an inherent love for those beautiful children of the sunshine? Else to what end are they strown along our pathway? Wherefore are they made—for they add not to man's physical comfort—if there is nothing in the spiritual nature to which they minister? There *is* such a principle—the flowers are not made in vain. What do the dingy geraniums, so fondly nursed in the smoky city, denote, but this same love of flowers, and a pining for their companionship?

Yes, the spirit has a chord, which, if strung aright, vibrates sweetest music when stirred by the breathings of nature's beauty; and I am willing to believe, that the same sympathy of feeling, which links in fellowship hearts of a kindred purity, extends to things inanimate, as well as to spirits of happiness, and bands loveliness into one great sisterhood.

A poet has a thought which falls in with this notion:

> "And all earth's flowers, so fair and sweet,
> Would flourish but awhile,
> If in return they could not meet
> The light of woman's smile."

It is a German fancy that the angels love the flowers, and when upon the earth make them their abiding place.

> "Abroad must thou go, on thy white bosom wear
> A nosegay, and doubt not an angel is there;

Place a rose near thy bed nightly sentry to keep,
And angels shall rock thee on roses to sleep."

"Alas they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers!
Are sleeping in their lowly beds with the good and fair of ours."
Bryant.

How solemnly does every thing around remind man of his fallen estate! The sentence of death hath passed upon all things; and the flower withers in the midst of beauty. Well, there is a better land, where the spirit of loveliness shall dwell forever; where fragrance shall ascend as incense, from flowers which can never fade!

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